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MARCH 9, 1984

NATIONAL REVIEW

FTER ANDROPOV

SOCIAL PROGRAMS
...ions of Current $)

		Actual Outlays 1967	Budget Outlays 1982	Increase, 1967-1982 Amount	Multi
(1)	Soci... Se...rit...	$ 21.2	54.6	$ 33.4	7.
(2)	Medicare	3.4	45.7	42.3	13.
(3)	Unemployme... C...mp...nsatio...	.8	2...2	24.4	31.
(4)	Medicaid	.7	...9	16.2	10.
(5)	Civil Service Re...rement	.7		15.7	5.
(6)	Other			12.8	5.
(7)	Food Stamps			11.4	115.
(8)	Aid to Families with Dependent Children			7.2	7.
(9)	Supplemental Security Income			6.7	6.
(10)	Railroad Retirement			4.4	4.
(11)	Total Social Programs	$ 37.		$274.5	8.
		$158.3		567.0	4.

...PETER GRACE

...REPORT

...STATISTICIAN

...MAN

...lward Meadows

	Federal Spending	Income Taxes
	($ Billions)	
1960	$ 92.2	$ 40.7
1970	195.7	90.4
1972	230.7	94.7
1974	267.9	119.0
1979	491.0	217.8
1980	576.7	244.1
1981	657.2	285.9
1982	725.3	298.6

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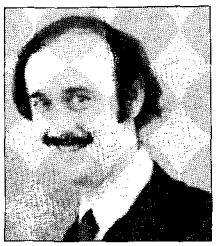
NATIONAL REVIEW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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor

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LETTERS

Good Neighbors

Hallelujah! I freely admit that I was one of those who thought, last July, that not much good could come of a bipartisan commission on Central America—and the presence of Henry Kissinger at the head of it did nothing to change that belief. But the substance of the report now finally issued ["Here We Come? Here We Go?" by John Hutchinson, Feb. 24] both surprised and cheered me.

Implementing the commission's sensible proposals is, of course, a different matter—and one that Congress is likely to be recalcitrant in. And, as Mr. Hutchinson points out, we will not be helped in this by a complacent notion that we have a hammerlock on political truth. You don't have to be some sort of relativist to notice that there are different ways of running a polity, and that a particular people may do better with one than another. I found especially telling Hutchinson's point—which I'm ashamed to say had never occurred to me—that others might find it a bit thick for us, with our country's crime statistics, to go on about street violence elsewhere.

But let us now go forward. The preservation of our southern neighbors' freedom is crucially important to us; and I found among the Central Americans whom Mr. Hutchinson quoted a salutary eagerness to get on with the job.

Bob Tilliard
Cambridge, Mass.

French Connection

Please—just a moment for a voice from the past:

"I should think it at least improper and irregular for me to open a formal correspondence with the actual government of a foreign nation without the express authority of the government under which I live."

". . . politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics but the passions they excite."

Yes, I *know* Edmund Burke could not possibly have been thinking of Jesse Jackson ["Jesse Running," by Richard Brookhiser, Feb. 24] when he analyzed the French Revolution—it just *seems* like he did.

Michael Bauman
Wallington, N.J.

A Clean Coup?

Brian Crozier ["A Bad Year for Soviets," Feb. 10] refers to the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in 1948 as a "bloodless takeover." But was there no blood left on the pavement when Jan Masaryk was thrown out of a window?

Edmund Weinmann
Huntington, N.Y.

No Fear

I quote from Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "Paradoxes and Dilemmas" [Feb. 10]: "Since the Communists have made and will continue to make every conceivable effort to destroy capitalism, they quite naturally expect capitalism to make every effort to destroy Communism, even at the risk of destroying itself. It would be impossible to persuade the Soviet Union that the West isn't going to attack it."

Although I am no expert on the USSR, I find the last half of that first sentence unconvincing and the second sentence altogether impossible to believe. The issue moreover is a vitally important one: Our foreign policy as regards the Soviet Union and our defense planning and preparation all hinge on it.

The Kremlin can have no fear whatever that the United States will launch an unprovoked attack (and, at that, one not *severely* provoked, as by a major invasion of Europe) on the Soviet Union. How can it have, when indeed there is no such possibility, and when the stories and editorials in our newspapers, magazines, TV, and radio all indicate irrefutably that we would never launch such an attack? When our Congress exhibits the most obvious reluctance to intervene militarily anywhere?

Certainly the Russian men and women our tourists (or reporters) may encounter on the streets of Moscow or Leningrad

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may express fear of Western aggression—it is drummed into them by the Kremlin and the controlled press to justify enormous military expenditures. But the Kremlin itself, amply informed by the KGB, has no such illusions. For this reason we should be all the more concerned about Soviet rearmament (which cannot be explained by any fear of aggression) and our ability to deter a *Soviet* attack, the only way a war can start.

Hamilton H. Howze
General, U.S. Army, Ret.
Fort Worth, Tex.

Out of Tune

As she has been in the public eye for more than twenty years now, I find it hard to believe that there are many people unaware of the proportions of Barbra Streisand's "beak," as John Simon so subtly calls it in his review of *Yentl* [Jan. 27]. Obviously the majority of the American moviegoing public seems to have grown used to it, so why can't Mr. Simon? And I have yet to understand what this has to do with *Yentl* itself. Calling Miss Streisand's face the "least photogenic object" in the film may strike Mr. Simon as funny, but this is hardly valid cinematic criticism. Unfortunately, upon some research, I found that Mr. Simon has a history of acting savagely toward Streisand films and even went so far once as to explain her popularity as an example of our society's "collective will to live in ugliness and self-debasement." This is a far cry from the man who, in 1962, lauded Miss Streisand's "heartbreaking merriment" on Broadway and said she was "gifted with a face that shuttles between those of a tremulous young borzoi and a fatigued Talmudic scholar." It's funny how success can make people who initially supported you turn against you.

Jeff Waide
Chicago, Ill.

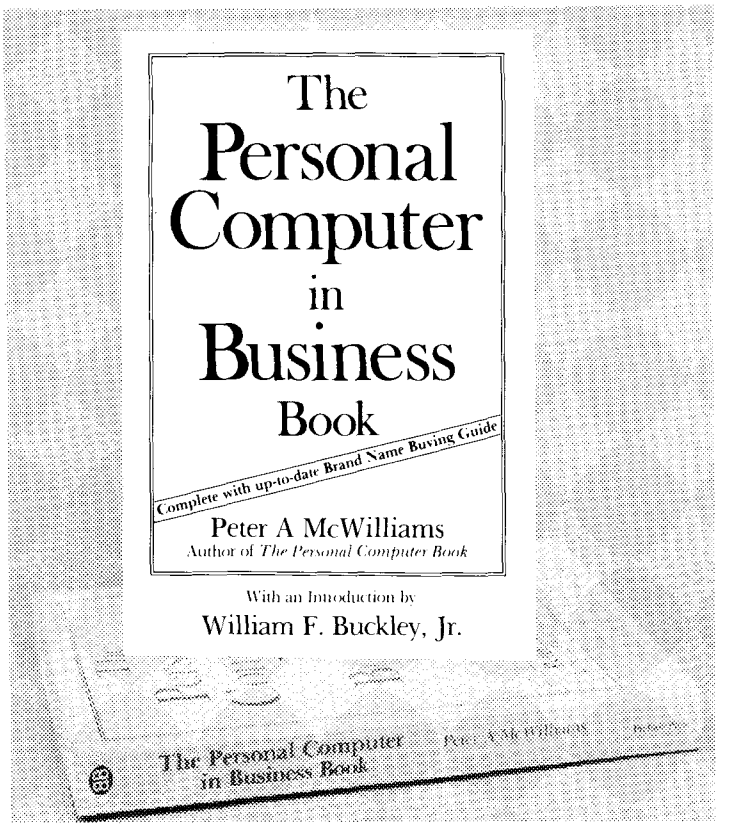
Asian Angle

It was a pleasant surprise to discover Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's excellent piece, "Three Key Moments in Modern Japanese History," in your December 9 issue.

However, the very fact that I was surprised, nay astonished, to find such an authoritatively authored commentary on the present security issues confronting Japan points up what I consider to be a serious deficiency in NATIONAL REVIEW's world view.

It appears to be a view almost wholly focused on U.S. and Atlantic Alliance affairs, with an occasional foray into the Caribbean, South America, and Afri-

"Peter McWilliams is about as clear as any man can be. What pleasure he takes in telling us what a business computer will do for us, and how contagious that enthusiasm is."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.
from the Introduction



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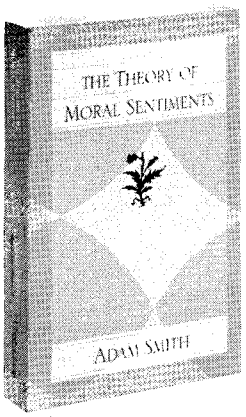

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ca, to the virtual exclusion of the Asia-Pacific region. On this area, so vital to the interests of what remains of the free world, it is disappointing to find NATIONAL REVIEW largely silent.

The current prime minister of Japan, Yasuhiro Nakasone, must rank as one of the most dynamic and conservative-minded men ever to hold this country's highest office, but I have to turn to *Time* magazine to find an in-depth analysis of his life and policies.

However, I have yet to read anything in *Time* or anywhere else about Nakasone's views on Communism, social issues, the Japanese Right, or his vision of Japan's future role in the world.

That would be an excellent starting place for expanded *NR* coverage of Asia. From there the list is endless: Korea, the future of Hong Kong as a capitalist enclave in Asia, the Philippines with its vital U.S. military bases at Clark and Subic Bay . . .

Jan Bennett
Ina, Naganon-ken, Japan

Misfire

In the January 27 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, Carly Mary Cady of Los Angeles ["Notes & Asides"] criticized your position on the nuclear-arms issue as reminding her (and I quote) "of an NRA [National Rifle Association] bumper sticker I saw on the back of (what else?) a pickup truck: 'My wife yes, my dog maybe, my gun never.' "

For the record, this is *not* an NRA bumper sticker and we have no control over its distribution. NRA bumper stickers, like all our other literature, emphasize the citizen's freedom to choose whether he or she wishes to own guns. They also stress firearm safety, hunter ethics, and responsible gun ownership.

Miss Cady's comments on the National Rifle Association are an offense to our 2.8 million members, who, I might add, are as likely to drive sedans and convertibles as pickup trucks.

Andrew T. Kendzie
Director of Publications
NRA Institute for Legislative Action
Washington, D.C.

A Respectable Tradition

I support Reagan's stand on Grenada. However, I do not like phrases such as "the myth of the Commonwealth" ["Margaret Thatcher's No-No," by Anthony Lejeune, Nov. 25].

To a Canadian, at least to many Canadians, the Commonwealth is important, the Queen is important, and the governor general and lieutenant governors representing the Queen are important. If →

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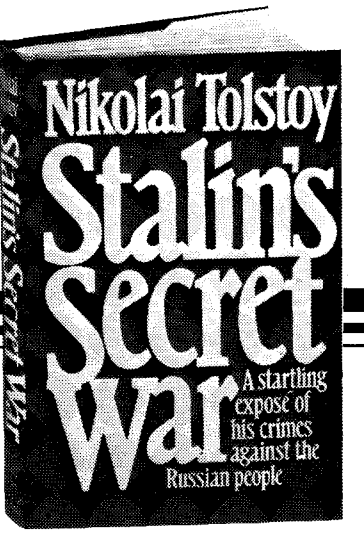
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

– Joseph Sobran
National Review



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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

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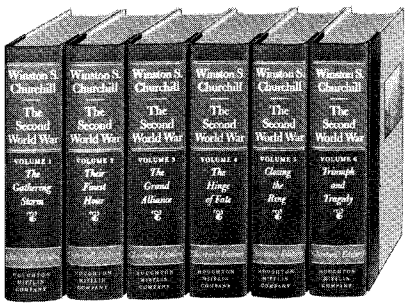

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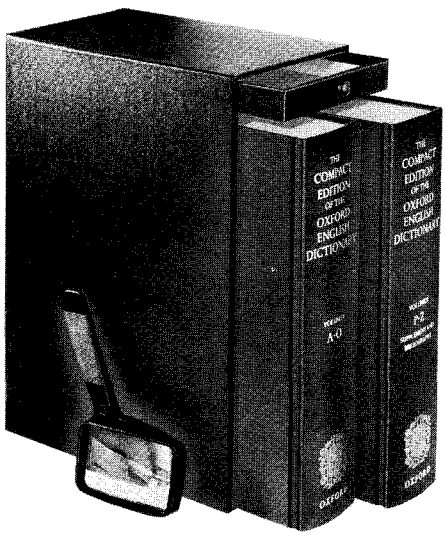

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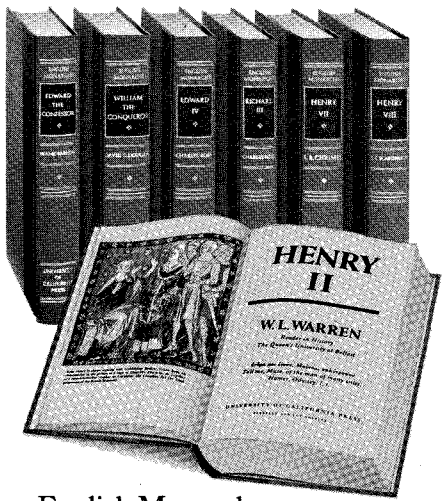

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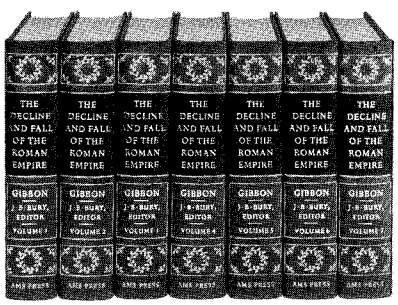

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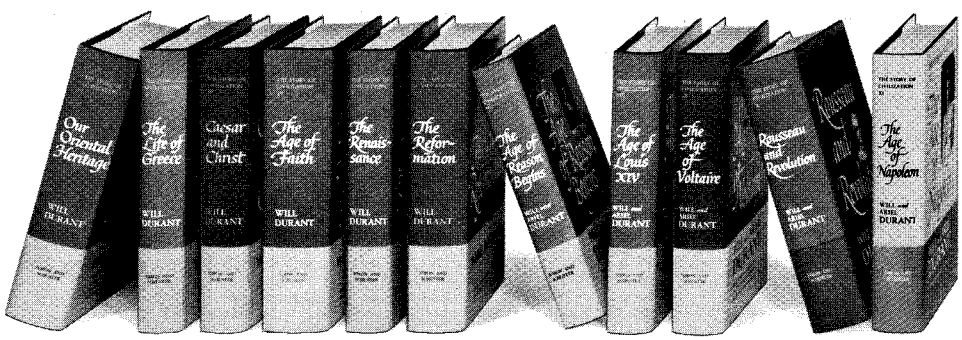

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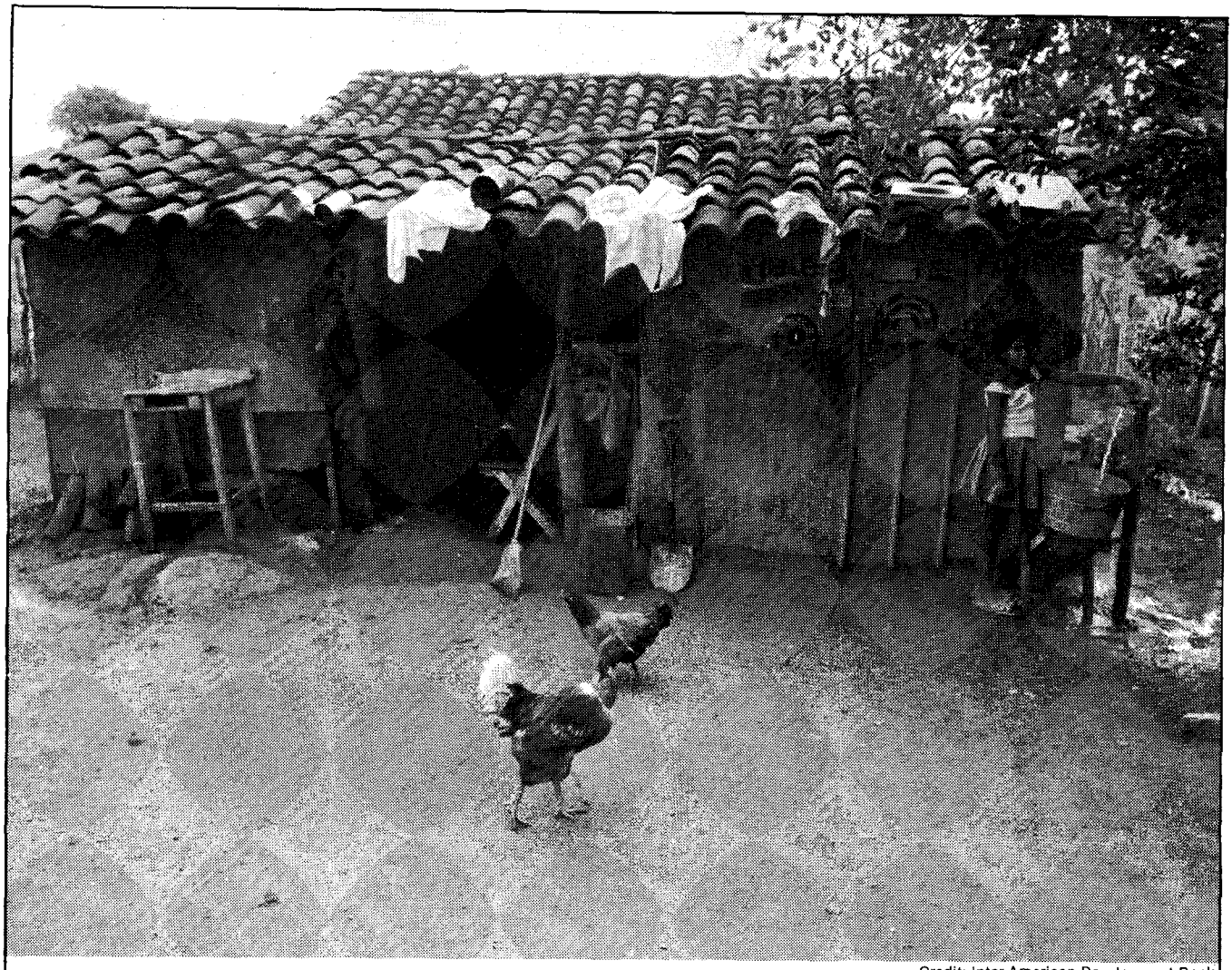

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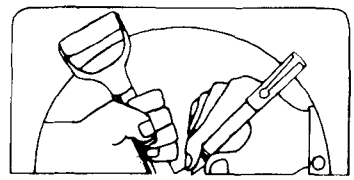

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you understand the importance of patriotism and a respect for history for Americans then you should respect those sentiments in other countries.

The fact that there *was* a governor general of Grenada who could appeal to America for help shows the importance and wisdom of preserving the monarchical ties in the Commonwealth as one buffer against dictatorship.

Gay Caswell
Regina, Sask.

May we just note that Mr. Lejeune, an Englishman, was concentrating less on former colonial nations' remaining ties to Britain than on Britain's motives in the formation of the Commonwealth? —LB

Heartening

John Chamberlain's review [Dec. 9] of Norman Cousins's *The Healing Heart* took me back to the time—more than three decades ago—when I met Norman Cousins.

He impressed me indelibly with his kindness, modesty, good humor, and the humility of a true Renaissance man. Thus I've followed his well-earned success with happy interest.

In this era of putdown humor, the kind of humor that is easy because it requires no wit nor imagination, Norman Cousins's qualities of the spirit and the intellect offer a mellifluous counterpoint.

Mabel McKeon Jasut
Newington, Conn.

The Socialized Screen

"Silkwood: End of the Fantasy Road" ["The Week," Jan. 27] well summarizes Hollywood's fashionable radicalism, but it shows conservatism's blind spot about the media by ignoring the screen's conservative origins, which, if the Right had been paying attention years ago, could have given it a sizable ideological presence in Hollywood today.

A Southern Agrarian, D. W. Griffith, practically invented movies, and his innumerable protégés dominated the industry well into the sound era. But cultural respectability came as the Soviets bureaucratized film with montage theory. Fashionable leftists embraced the new highbrow cinema over Hollywood entertainment, which didn't get any further left than the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Perhaps because traditionalists show a suspicion of anything developed since illuminated manuscripts, and Hollywood certainly showed a certain raffishness, the Right never caught this opening in the new medium.

Norman Stewart
Hickory, N.C.

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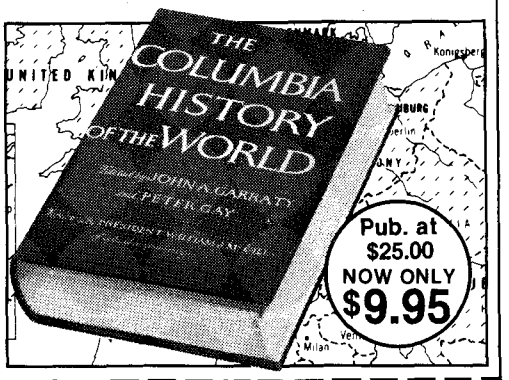

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FOR THE RECORD

Having headed the KGB for 15 years, **Yuri Andropov** has a fitting final resting place—next to **Feliks Dzerzhinsky**, first head of Soviet secret police. . . . Not only should **Ronald Reagan** have gone to Andropov's funeral, said Democratic presidential candidate **Gary Hart**, he should have taken all eight Democratic presidential candidates with him. "It would have been a signal," said Hart, "that all of America wants to work for peace." . . . How sorry is **George McGovern** over the death of Andropov? "It is a modern tragedy," said McGovern, "that one of the Soviet Union's most intelligent and realistic leaders has served and died during the Administration of one of the most ill-informed and dangerous men ever to occupy the White House." . . . Should **George Bush** have stayed in Moscow? New ruler **Konstantin Chernenko** doesn't seem to be a robust 72. "He walked with the [Andropov] cortege," wrote **John Burns**, Moscow bureau chief of the *New York Times*, "but appeared breathless after he mounted the steps to the mausoleum. He gave his speech in a reedy, quavering voice, and muffed his words at least once. Later, at graveside, he appeared to have trouble holding a brief salute as the coffin descended in the grave."

The further he falls behind **Walter Mondale** in the polls, the harsher become **John Glenn**'s attacks on Mondale's ties to organized labor. "We've got to stand up to the ideologues and the bosses," Glenn told an Atlanta audience, "and take back the soul of our party." . . . After mulling it over, Mondale finally came up with instances where he and organized labor part company. He said he opposed construction of B-1 bomber and Clinch River breeder reactor, and "attempts to reduce standards of clean-air protection." . . . Even with AFL-CIO's **Lane Kirkland** hanging on his coattails, Mondale is pulling ahead in New Hampshire. Latest polls give him 38 to 17 per cent lead over Glenn, with **Jesse Jackson** a surprising third with 8 per cent. . . . With so much coverage of Democratic race no one is paying attention to fight for GOP presidential nomination. With good reason. Besides Reagan, there is 76-year-old **Harold Stassen**, who started running for President back in 1948. And then there's **Ben Fernandez**, a California businessman who first sought GOP nomination in 1980, winning less than 25,000 of the nearly 13 million votes cast in 1980 GOP primaries. This time he hopes for better showing, but, as *Congressional Quarterly* says, he doesn't really go for the jugular: He describes Reagan as one of America's greatest Presidents. Finally there's first-time candidate **David Kelley** of Tennessee. The two most controversial planks in his platform are: 1) a unilateral nuclear freeze and 2) a call to send blacks to Africa.

Endorsements: **Richard Viguerie**, publisher of *Conservative Digest*, has now joined Reagan bandwagon. Reagan supporters have had their differences and disappointments, said Viguerie, "but we can all agree that the alternative to Ronald Reagan would be a disaster for America." . . . Black activists **Hosea Williams** and Rev. **Ralph David Abernathy** won't be on the Reagan team this time. They went with Reagan in '80, but this year they're running with Jesse. . . . It wasn't exactly an endorsement, but Chicago Mayor **Harold Washington** has gone on record as preferring Jackson in the March 20 Illinois primary. . . . Meanwhile at Mondale headquarters endorsements are coming in so fast, says Mondale press secretary **Maxine Isaacs**, that they haven't been able to keep track of them. But Mondale has kept track of endorsement of **Wilson B. Goode**, Philadelphia's first black mayor. Two other black mayors have already come out for Mondale—**Coleman Young**, Detroit, and **Thomas Bradley**, Los Angeles. . . . **Elliot Richardson**, former just about everything in Washington, has made it official: He will run for Sen. **Paul Tsongas**'s seat and has, it is said, White House nod as strongest candidate. **Ray Shamie**, a conservative, has been in race since November. . . . In North Carolina, Gov. **James B. Hunt** has done as expected —declared his candidacy for seat now held by Sen. **Jesse Helms**. Recent polls show Helms and Hunt neck and neck, while earlier polls had Hunt ahead by almost ten points.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

"It's an anti-inflationary package."

Solidarity supporters around the world are trying to save life of **Janusz Palubicki**, a founder of Solidarity in Poznan. Palubicki, on a hunger strike since December 5 in protest over prison conditions, has had three heart attacks since December 16 and is now in prison hospital. . . . Nicaragua may not go to polls next year after all. Sandinista junta member **Daniel Ortega**, citing attack by two small airplanes, has postponed elections. **Domingo Edgar Chamorro**, leader of anti-Sandinista Nicaraguan Democratic Force (FDN), says leadership of FDN has been "cleansed" of former members of **Somoza**'s national guard, thus paving way for alliance with guerrillas under **Edén Pastora** (Comandante Cero).

A Westerner to the end. Sources deep inside Kremlin say that as Andropov's days dwindled down, **Jacqueline Susann** novels were replaced by *When Bad Things Happen to Good People.*

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THE WEEK

An early Olympics? Soviet archaeologists have unearthed the world's oldest ski, which they place as four thousand years old. Probably used in an unsuccessful escape attempt.

One opinion survey in New Hampshire shows a Reagan job-performance approval rating of 48 per cent among citizens who expect to vote in the *Democratic* primary. What that means is that Reagan could win the Democratic primary, if he ran in it.

Even before the Winter Olympics had begun in Sarajevo, the United States suffered a defeat. The International Olympic Committee unanimously voted to deny reporters from Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty accreditation to cover the Sarajevo games. The IOC rejected the request for credentials on the ground that RFE/RL violates the Olympic charter by being a so-called external broadcaster. Yet Radio Moscow, which broadcasts around the world, received accreditation from the IOC, as did the BBC and West German radio, which also beam broadcasts behind the Iron Curtain. What was really at issue wasn't the charter of the IOC, but the wishes of the USSR, which has long opposed Olympic accreditation for RFE/RL. Speaking of the IOC's decision, James L. Buckley, president of RFE/RL, said it "violates the IOC's own charter and principles; but most importantly, it represents abject capitulation to Soviet pressures." If the decision isn't overturned, we can look forward to the spectacle of the IOC denying these American stations permission to cover the summer games from Los Angeles later this year.

President Reagan's assertion to the National Religious Broadcasters that fetuses feel pain—"long and agonizing"—during abortion was greeted with a round of sneers from the Party of Compassion. But now a group of doctors has backed him up. Dr. Matthew J. Bulfin, president of the American Association of Pro-Life Obstetricians and Gynecologists, has sent the President a letter, signed by 26 physicians, which observed that the research of the last 18 years has "demonstrated the remarkable responsiveness of the human fetus to pain," and Dr. Vincent J. Collins, chairman of the Department of Anaesthesiology at Chicago's Cook County Hospital, adds that "there is no question" that a fetus can feel pain as early as ten weeks after conception. He notes that reflexive response to touch and pressure are visible as early as four to six weeks. In short, babies don't like being killed.

Were the Soviets on the point of installing SS-20s at Point Salinas in Grenada? The Mexican journalist José Pérez Stuart believes so, and says that would explain the presence of a Soviet KGB general and nearly a hundred Soviet technicians on the island just before the invasion. The motive, according to Pérez, was to use the SS-20s, targeted on six or more U.S. cities, as a threat to prevent the deployment of Pershing IIs and cruise missiles in Western Europe. Maybe this is a question someone should put to Andrei Gromyko, if he keeps his job.

The feds are very disappointed that few dairy farmers are signing up for federal subsidies to not-produce milk, thereby relieving the huge oversupply of dairy products that the feds, by their previous policy, purchase at excessive prices to put in a cave. Obviously the dairy farmers have calculated that subsidized overproduction for the cave is a more profitable way to milk taxpayers than subsidized nonproduction. And there goes another great goo-goo idea.

Tip O'Neill, Flummoxed

Grenada proved embarrassing
  And made his face turn red;
Then unemployment did him in
  By going down, instead.
The last straw happened in Beirut
  When Reagan called it quits.
If Nicaragua's settled, he'll
  Commiserate with Fritz.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHITE HOUSE Chief of Staff Jim Baker and his deputy, Mike Deaver, felt the President himself should have attended Andropov's funeral in Moscow, but the State Department and the National Security Council advised against it. Baker and Deaver saw Mr. Reagan's presence as good politics (yielding good "visuals") and an opportunity to alter the tone of the Moscow/Washington relationship. State and the NSC believed the timing was not right for any productive diplomatic exchange between the two governments, since no groundwork had been laid for substantive discussions (much less for any commitments), nor did State then know who the new Soviet Party chief would be. Feelings were not particularly strong on either side, but what there was of a Gordian knot was cut by the President. Since he had not attended Brezhnev's funeral, and had not met Andropov, Mr. Reagan concluded that George Bush should represent the United States.

Kremlin watchers here, both inside and outside government, see Konstantin Chernenko as a caretaker. One top Reaganite divines that in Chernenko the world will see "the least potent Soviet potentate in history." The Chernenko holding action will feature Gromyko handling the lion's share of foreign policy, Ustinov handling military matters, and Chernenko himself keeping domestic policies in line.

A date when the Marines will be out of Lebanon is still uncertain. The White House was originally committed to withdrawing five hundred leathernecks by the end of February, and the rest on a phased timetable thereafter. Subsequently, the word was that the President hoped to have all the Marines out a lot earlier, perhaps even within thirty days. What remains unclear is when the thirty-day clock will start ticking.

Fresh hope for relief in Lebanon has been spawned by Syria, and the Soviets no longer appear absolutely opposed to the idea of UN troops replacing the multinational forces. Part of the reason for this softening is a deal now said to be in the works, whereby Amin Gemayel will hold on to certain parts of the May 17 Lebanese-Israeli Accord (security elements) but renounce others (trade and normalization).

The recent plungings of the stock market frame the third area of White House concern during this period of congressional reprieve. Reagan officials are quick to point out that although the market is behaving poorly, other indicators are impressively up, notably retail sales (2 per cent) and consumer confidence. So how do they explain the market's erratic tailspins?

They point out that the market, traveling in historically high orbits, was just waiting to drop at the first sign of turbulence. That turbulence came in the conjunction of 1) the release of the minutes of the Federal Open Market Committee's December meeting at which the members voted 11 to 1 (the sole good guy: Preston Martin) to constrict credit, and 2) three days of wailing-wall congressional testimony by Messrs. Martin Feldstein, David Stockman, and Paul Volcker.

Paul Volcker was particularly mischievous and obtuse. On February 9, he went to Capitol Hill and warned Congress that the "red ink" would produce another "recession." He then painted an unbelievably grim picture of what would happen—resurgent inflation, soaring interest rates, depressed housing, and shrinking investments—should Congress continue to treat the deficit as if it were a "game of Russian roulette."

Martin Feldstein, by the way, will stay on as chief economic advisor until June, it now appears. He and Mr. Stockman visit with Mr. Reagan in his private quarters, assure him that they are loyal and true, and the soft-touch, nice-guy President swallows the line. Also, Mr. Reagan's pragmatic instinct, we hear, tells him (erroneously) that Feldstein's dismissal would engender more criticism of the Reagan economic program, and consequent damage to it, than would retaining Feldstein until mid-1984 when the Harvard economist must go back to Cambridge if he is to retain his tenure.

Meanwhile, crack anti-Feldstein essays continue to appear, like the one by the pseudonymous "Andy Mellon" in the *Washington Times* that has the town abuzz, pointing up egregious inconsistencies in Feldstein's positions. He, sadly, is now well on the way to becoming the media's chief election-year anti-Reagan artifact. But Mr. Reagan may still have the last laugh. Seers here believe that after the first-quarter profits reports are out—say, in mid-March—the market will rebound.

—CATO

Five persons have been arrested in New York City on charges of smuggling electronic equipment for missile-guidance systems to China. There are but two consolations in the whole affair—first, that the smugglers were caught; second, that their contraband was going to China rather than to the Soviet Union. The second is a comfort, but not much of one. China's strategic nuclear missiles may be aimed at the Soviet Union at the present time, but there is no assurance that such will be the case five or ten years from now. There has been too much of a casual tendency in the last decade to assume that China is an ally of the United States. It is not. Our strategic interests have converged for a time, but no one can foresee whether or when they might diverge. The Middle Kingdom has no permanent allies.

If Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, and Paul Robeson had joined Joan Baez in her denunciation of the Left's double standard in Indochina, the effect would not have been more explosive than French crooner Yves Montand's recent attack on the Soviet Union—"Red fascism"—and his statement that "we've got to defend democracy; that's all we've got left, kids." Montand and his wife, Simone Signoret, may not have been Party members, but you couldn't have slipped nonwaxed dental floss between them and the

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Soviet position on just about anything in the thirty years following WW II. If Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir were for it, you can bet that Yves and Simone were too, and in *piques*. Now, Montand says, when he sees French socialists singing the "Internationale" with Soviet representatives, he thinks of Lech Walesa and is embarrassed. In their good old fellow-traveling days the Montands used to dress their maid up warmly and send her out into the streets to sell copies of *l'Humanité*, the French Communist paper. No more.

Do you think Fidel Castro would get the idea if we took an old battleship out of mothballs and rechristened it the *U.S. Maine*?

You see it on car bumpers, on nuclear-freeze banners and posters; you hear it from the podium at peace demonstrations: Bertolt Brecht's famous line, "What if they gave a war and no one came?" An energetic Radio Free Europe researcher has gone to the trouble to look it up, and it turns out to be the first line of a poem, the rest of which translates as:

Then the war will come to you!
He who stays home when the fight begins
And lets others fight for his cause
Should take care: He who does not take part
In the battle will share in the defeat.
Even avoiding battle does not avoid
Battle, since not to fight for your own cause
Really means
Fighting on behalf of your enemy's cause.

While many college campuses around the country are plagued by the growth of conservative newspapers, the students at the University of California at San Diego are, to say the least, bucking the trend with *Sappho Speaks*, a lesbian and gay quarterly published on the UCSD campus. After seeing one issue of *Sappho Speaks*, we still admire the *Dartmouth Review*, but we do wonder why its editors never had the enterprise to interview a "lesbian-feminist" about her job as a prostitute.

Yuri Andropov is still DEAD this week, and you read it here first.

Evidently the Soviets read it here first also; at least somebody over there finally noticed.

The Pope did it.

No, Samantha did it.

Calling Noah

It may just be that those who get
From those who work aren't ready yet,
And may not be till kingdom come,
To give up even one small crumb.
If such turns out to be the case—
If everybody makes a face
Until the government goes *thud*—
The country will deserve a flood.

W. H. VON DREELE

After Andropov

I. The Passing of Yuri

FOLLOWING THE death of Yuri Andropov the *Washington Post* ran an obituary that ended with the statement that his wife, Tania, had "died some years ago." The next day's *Post* carried a front-page picture of the said Tania weeping at her husband's funeral bier. Tania's appearance was a complete surprise to Western experts, who did not know she was alive and were not certain of her name. The anonymity of the Soviet First Lady is a measure of how little the West really knows of the elite who lead the Soviet Union, a measure of how closed and secretive is the society over which Andropov presided.

As head of the KGB from 1967 to 1982, Andropov was a veritable cipher, the most shadowy figure in the top Soviet leadership. But if he spent his time in the background, he clearly spent it well, for by the time Brezhnev died, Andropov's selection as General Secretary proceeded so smoothly as to seem a foregone matter. His coronation elicited a flood of Western media reports about his liberality, his intelligence, and his penchant for reform—reports that proved to be based on the thinnest of hearsay, rumor, and KGB-planted yarns.

Yet the myth of Andropov the Reformer continued and is now being aired anew in some assessments of his rule. This was the man who, as ambassador to Hungary in 1956, smiled reassuringly as he sent Hungarian reformers to prison camps or death. This was the man who meticulously secured the dominance of the secret police after Khrushchev had loosened it around the edges. This was the man who decimated the Soviet dissident movement, stomping on every flicker of independent expression. Why is it that

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Western observers are fooled again and again, always viewing the Soviet leadership in the mirror of their own self-image?

The few hints of change that occurred under Andropov amounted to little more than a veneer of pale rhetoric overlaid on the unchanging reality of Mother Russia. Andropov's only serious economic accomplishment was a tightening up of workplace discipline—a needed step, perhaps, for the world's most truant work force, but hardly a liberalizing reform. Had he lived longer, Andropov might have accomplished more, but neither he nor his colleagues could have tolerated the kind of serious reform and renewal that the USSR so desperately needs. The Soviet elite know too well that any real reform would threaten the security of their rule.

The Russia that Andropov leaves behind is a Russia made more sorrowful by his labors. His life and leadership demonstrated the truth of the Russian proverb, "Moscow turns its back on tears." The proverb's revenge was not long in coming, however. When Andropov died, the people of Moscow turned their backs on him, shed no tears, and went about their business as if nothing very important had occurred.

II. The Emergence of Konstantin

IN RETROSPECT, it is clear that a massive generational changeover began in the Soviet Union with the death of Mikhail Suslov in January 1982. For nearly a quarter of a century Suslov had been the kingmaker of Soviet politics, a man who never held the top post of General Secretary himself but without whose support that post could never be attained or kept.

Suslov epitomized the generation of Soviet apparatchiks who took power after Stalin died, and his death, like the opening of a floodgate, marked the beginning of the end of that generation. His passing upset the balance of power in the Politburo and helped pave the way for Andropov to succeed Brezhnev when the latter died just ten months later. Under Andropov the generational changeover accelerated as more of the Apparatchik Generation passed on and as several younger men—the Technocrat Generation—were brought into the Politburo and the Central Committee. The process extended far down into the ranks of the Soviet Communist Party, with younger blood being drawn into Party organizations at all levels.

The logical culmination of this process ought to have been the emergence of a new Brezhnev, a younger man than Andropov who could lead the Soviet Empire into the 1990s. But Andropov died prematurely, before a suitable successor was in place, forcing the Politburo to turn to a candidate probably no one much wanted but whom all could accept—Konstantin Chernenko. The Brezhnev protégé through and through, Chernenko had been elevated by his mentor from the ranks of the Kremlin staff to the pinnacle of the Politburo and groomed to be his successor. But Chernenko was pushed aside rather easily when Brezhnev died, and his star seemed certain to fade.

The real struggle for power began to take shape last year between Mikhail Gorbachev—at 52, the most competent mover and shaker to hit the Kremlin in some decades—and Grigory Romanov, the tough-playing Leningrad Party boss who recently acquired a post in Moscow in order to be at the center of power and intrigue. Andropov died before either man was in a position to succeed him, but Romanov and Gorbachev have the consolation of knowing that, at 72, Chernenko should not be around long—which is probably why they supported him.

If there was any kingmaker in this succession it was Dmitri Ustinov, the Soviet Defense Minister. Ustinov enjoys greater stature and more real power than Chernenko, but was not himself a promising candidate, being 75 and not a member of the all-important Secretariat of the Central Committee. Without Ustinov's support and that of the military, Andropov could not have won the chess game in November 1982; without Ustinov's support, Chernenko could not have won it this time around. The influence of the Soviet military will continue to grow under Chernenko, at least as long as Ustinov lives.

The good news about Konstantin Chernenko—as Zbigniew Brzezinski has already reminded us—is that he is so colorless, dull, and unimaginative that he is not likely to resuscitate the USSR at home or to be a dynamic adversary on the world stage. The bad news is that he will not last long, and whoever replaces him is likely to be a younger, meaner, more formidable leader. Konstantin is king—long live King Konstantin.

III. Political Implications

DURING THE past year, professionals in the Democratic Party—tacticians, polling analysts, speechwriters, and the candidates themselves—have been having such serious orientation problems that they must be feeling a sense of political vertigo. The "issues" change constantly. It has been impossible to achieve a steady focus or compose an enduring set speech.

A year or so ago, the "freeze" issue seemed promising, and all the Democratic candidates except Askew endorsed it. The recession was in the foreground too. But both have faded. The Soviets are not interested in a freeze, and the economy is surging.

Not surprisingly, the focus quickly shifted to "foreign policy" (Grenada, Lebanon, El Salvador), but again the issue proved to be slippery. The success in Grenada partially shifted the focus from the then-recent Marine deaths in Beirut, and the Marines are now in any case being withdrawn.

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Next came renewed cries for "arms control" and for a "summit." Some of the rhetoric became near-hysterical, as in the phlegmatic Mondale's claim that we are now in the most dangerous period in the history of the world. Reagan was coming under attack by the Democrats for "rigidity," by which they meant his unwillingness to concede strategic inferiority.

Tough luck. Andropov drops inconveniently dead, and there will be a period of weeks or months before the new Soviet dictator emerges from the murk of intrigue and knows what his power actually is. The pressure on Reagan suddenly drops. Next summer, Chernenko may even decide that a summit conference suits his own domestic political purposes, providing a chance for this dim and aged Party wheelhorse to strut in Vienna or some such place as a Statesman, and Reagan might fit such a meeting in just before or after his China visit.

The Democratic professionals, at this point, have few real cards to play, and they know it. The focus is now likely to shift back to domestic "social issues"—in Democratic terms, black and women's issues, the mechanics of voter registration, and an attempt to stir up fear about future Reagan Supreme Court appointments. About all they can do now is play it as it lays.

Farewell, Humpty Dumpty

LEBANON IS falling to pieces. There is nothing particularly new in that, for Lebanon has been falling apart for over eight years now, ever since the civil war of 1975-76. The world has grown so accustomed to Lebanon's being the Humpty Dumpty of Arab politics that it would hardly pay any attention to the current fighting were it not for the American presence in and the pending American withdrawal from that troubled land. If there is a chance America will be humiliated, the TV cameras emerge.

This time around it is the Shiite militia who are responsible for the factional fighting. Up until now the Shiites, who constitute the largest Moslem faction in Lebanon, have remained generally quiescent, waiting to see how the winds of war would affect their long-term ambitions for a larger piece of Lebanon's delicately balanced constitutional pie. When Gemayel's cabinet resigned two weeks ago, the Shiites sensed that the time had come to act.

So shattered has the shell of Lebanon become that even the State Department bureaucrats who have been the driving force behind U.S. policy in the region are beginning to realize that there is little the king's horses and men can do any more. The U.S. cannot accomplish what Israel failed to achieve with tens of thousands more men. It is time for the Marines to withdraw offshore.

Perhaps it was a mistake for the United States to introduce troops into Lebanon in the first place. The United States has always fared best in Middle Eastern politics when it has stood above the region's sundry conflicts, acting as an intermediary whose military power is but a subtle backdrop to negotiations. Certainly it was folly to keep the Marines in Lebanon after it became clear that they were no longer viewed as a neutral force. They then became targets and hostages, and no longer had any useful role to play in the larger diplomatic picture. This has been the consistent argument of Caspar Weinberger and of the professional military, and it is a shame that the State Department, instead of the Defense Department, had the President's ear in this particular instance.

To err is human, and if President Reagan erred in leaving the Marines in Beirut, he at least has shown the wisdom to begin withdrawing them, however much retreating may run contrary to his instincts. The most difficult step a great power can take is to cut its losses and retreat from a conflict not worth wasting lives on, and few American Presidents have been able to do that, even when wisdom called for it. Cutting losses in Lebanon is the right thing to do now, both diplomatically and militarily.

Now that we have announced the withdrawal of the Marines, it is essential that it take place expeditiously, before some fraction of a faction seeks its place in the sun by attacking the Marines and claiming it forced them out singlehandedly. The temptation to humiliate America will be very great. To avoid an American Dunkirk in Beirut, we should withdraw the Marines as soon as is practical. It is now time for American diplomacy to retreat to higher ground and focus on the larger strategic equation of the Middle East, in which Lebanon is but a small integer.

Once Over, Heavily

A LARGE WARM air mass, possibly caused by the presence of so many presidential candidates, blanketed Iowa with fog on February 11. Gary Hart, unable to land at the Des Moines airport, had to fly into Omaha and drive up—whereupon all eight contenders for Ronald Reagan's job were reunited once more, in a debate sponsored by the *Des Moines Register*.

Iowa Democrats will have gone to their caucuses by the time these words reach most *NR* readers. The pre-caucus conventional wisdom held that Hart had to finish no worse than fourth, Alan Cranston no worse than third, John Glenn no worse than second, and Mondale no worse than first. Of the potential spoilers, a relaxed, witty George McGovern was getting warm receptions, and not just from peaceniks; freed from the calculations of a serious candidate, he was able to promise farmers price supports at 90 per

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Not Wanted on the Voyage

Mr. Feldstein, with your stomach,
Should you sail the ocean blue?
Mr. Stockman, are you certain
Open water is for you?
Have you noticed that the captain
Doesn't dine with you at all?
And, when chatting with the tourists,
That you seem to cast a pall?

W. H. VON DREELE

cent of parity—a standard based on farm prices before World War I. Reubin Askew, whose moderately tough position on abortion (see p. 61) makes him sound, in the Democratic context, like Mother Teresa, made a pitch for the state's strong right-to-life movement (Iowa right-to-lifers helped give a surprise caucus victory to another former Southern governor in 1976). Neither Ernest Hollings nor Jesse Jackson spent much effort on the state, though Jackson, appearing in Iowa for the first time, drew large campus crowds.

The debate itself had little drama and less surprise. Hart could not "remember anyone saying in three years that Ronald Reagan has read a book" (it would be sad if he had not, but it would also mean that the President had escaped *A New Democracy*). Glenn's afternoon was one long ramble interrupted by phrases from his stock speech like mini tape cassettes. He fell into several debater's traps, all minor, but all easily avoidable, and had one supposedly tough question for Hollings, on congressional hiring practices, slapped back at him like a blocked jump shot. There was much sniping at Mondale's labor support, vitiated by the knowledge that all of the candidates had wanted it themselves. Mondale, unabashed, declared that labor was for him because "they can trust me," and went, after the debate, to an AFL-CIO meeting—Antaeus touching ground. Jesse Jackson continued to enjoy immunity from attack by his fellow candidates, though there are signs that the press is beginning to draw a bead on his Arab connections.

The most vivid theme of the afternoon was Reagan the Warmonger. Each of the candidates at least hummed it, some gave it full-throated cry. Mondale called the international situation "as dangerous now as it has been in the history of the world." Cranston declared that "fear and hatred are the legacy of Ronald Reagan," and that "America's vision of peace and freedom" was being "blasted by the guns of the U.S. Navy in Lebanon, the guns of U.S. paratroopers in Grenada, and the guns of U.S. helicopters in Honduras and El Salvador." Reagan, Glenn said sternly, had never looked Andropov in the eye or shaken his hand. It was a "modern tragedy," McGovern agreed, that Reagan had never met Andropov. (One of the five Iowans who questioned the candidates suggested that the eight of them make up for it by going together to Andropov's funeral.) Lebanon, significantly, accounted for most of the variations through which the theme was put, the Democrats depicting it as an ill-conceived effort in a hopeless situation. As our involvement drags on, they have begun to shift emphasis to the policy's immorality—Glenn called it "morally outrageous"—a more familiar and congenial argument.

On the economy, all candidates deplored the deficit, Mondale going so far as to say that Reagan has "radically departed" from forty years of budget balancing. Hollings was skeptical of his fellow candidates' ability to do anything about it. "We'll promise you literally everything. But unless we can prove our reliability to manage that economy, we won't get Ronald Reagan out of there." Indeed, Mondale acknowledged there would have to be new expenditures on technology, education, infrastructure, and "fairness." He proposed increasing taxes on "higher-income Americans." Hart, whose stupefaction proceeds apace, gave a preview of how industrial policy (see p. 43) would work out in practice when he defended his refusal to support the Chrysler loan by explaining that it should properly have been a "paradigm" for the industry as a whole.

Mondale, in his summation, warned against letting Reagan pick new Supreme Court Justices. "It could well be the end of the rest of justice in America. Do not let Mr. Reagan get his hands on that Court." Look for this as a big number between San Francisco and November. —RB

Talk, Jesse, Talk

REVEREND JESSE JACKSON'S brief campaign has so far enjoyed a free ride, both in the press and at the hands of his rival candidates. There have been examinations of irregularities—chiefly sloppy accounting—in Jackson's various organizations, but little substantial criticism of his rhetoric or his view of the world. That is about to change.

The cutting edge is Israel. Jackson has been an advocate of the PLO ("Palestinian homeland" is what he nowadays talks about) since 1979. The Arab League, it now turns out, reciprocated, contributing a total of $200,000 to PUSH for Excellence and the PUSH Foundation. Last week, the *Washington Post*, in a story on this and other problems Jackson is having with Jewish voters, asserted that Jackson, "in private conversations with reporters," calls Jews "Hymie" and New York City "Hymietown." The hardballs are flying.

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But it isn't just Israel. It's America. In the Des Moines debate, Jackson referred to the Reagan Administration as a "repressive regime." Forget "repressive." "Regime," in common parlance, is used solely of governments whose legitimacy is rejected by the speaker—the Jaruzelski regime, the Somoza regime. Apparently 489 electoral votes mean nothing to Jackson, if won by a politician with whom he disagrees. This was of a piece with his pop-left American history, quoted in the February 24 *NR*. Unnamed early American leaders—presumably George Washington and his officers—were "militarists," running a "military dictatorship." The Constitution "calculat[ed]" blacks "as three-fifths of a person" (it didn't calculate, it compromised). The Civil War was a "fit of greed" (it had the effect of restoring the Founding's compromised principles, and of freeing Jackson's great-great-grandparents). And so on, and on.

Jackson is moving outside the intellectual mainstream to which major American politicians, of all stripes, belong. His destination is the Third World. "I'm a Third World person," he says in the same *Washington Post* article. "I grew up in an occupied zone"—by which he means Greenville, South Carolina—"and had to negotiate with the superpower, really the colonial power . . ." Jackson's extenuators would say that he represents the coming home to roost of decades of sanctioned discrimination. What is actually roosting is a dozen years of Democratic rhetoric, beginning with the McGovern campaign, and flowering in the Carter Administration, according to which the revolutions afoot in the world are inevitable and desirable; traditional Western standards of judgment are irrelevant; and the least a corrupt America can do is get out of the way. Ideally Jackson should be running for president of the United Nations.

Jackson did not always talk in this intellectual pidgin. For a brief moment in the Des Moines debate another, older Jackson spoke. Asked about education, the candidates all pledged to spend umpty-ump dollars. So did Jackson. But, he said, there was also a flip side—a "crisis of effort." American children watch five hours of TV a night. "Parents [must] assume their share of responsibility . . . The government cannot teach you against your will." Then it was back to Managua.

All those colonialists in New Hampshire aren't going to like it.

The Wet Budget

PRESIDENT REAGAN is convinced that we need to reduce the deficit, and that the way to do so is to control government spending. Those are fine convictions. It's too bad his budgeters don't have the courage of them.

"George, stop sniveling! Your alimony check is in the mail."

The Administration's 1985 budget is, as Margaret Thatcher would say, wet. In the wake of the biggest government spending spree in history, it proposes not a cut but an 8 per cent jump (4 per cent after inflation). Compared to maintaining "current services," which is a Washington euphemism for letting programs expand unchecked, the budget does make a $19-billion cut. But that cut consists of $12 billion (or 5 per cent) of defense spending and only $7 billion (or 1 per cent) of everything else.

What makes this budget so fundamentally moist—what stamps it as a product of timidity rather than centrism—is that the Administration actually thinks it can improve its chances of getting real budget cuts if it refuses to propose them. Starting out with a demand for spending cuts would, on this view, "politicize" the spending-cut issue by letting the Democrats campaign on it.

The White House budgeters therefore developed their 1985 budget strategy the way the State Department develops its foreign-policy positions. First they pre-compromised a few times (with White House moderates, with agency heads defending their turf) to get the starch out of it. Eventually it got close enough to the opposition's demands to look like a "serious offer." Then, even before it was unveiled, officials began whispering that it was really nothing more than a negotiating position, which they were fairly panting to show their flexibility by abandoning. Much to their surprise, they found that despite their reasonableness it was they, not their opponents, who were coming under pressure to make more unilateral concessions.

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When the formal negotiations began, the two sides agreed right away not to touch Social Security. Even though this is an election year, this agreement made more sense for the Democrats than for Reagan. Then the Democrats announced that they would walk out of the talks unless the White House specified what items it was willing to cut from the defense budget. Of course, every negotiator knows that to furnish a list of the points you are most willing to concede is itself to make a concession; and the Democrats offered no tit-for-tat list of the social programs they considered most dispensable.

You might think the cynicism of this ploy would expose the Democrats publicly as the unreasonable side, since even as they denounce the deficit, they refuse to make any concessions toward narrowing it. But the White House will find it hard to attack them for holding out against spending cuts that the White House itself does not dare to propose.

Two Men for This Season

With the death of New York's Terence Cardinal Cooke last October 6 (just two weeks after the unexpected demise of Boston's Humberto Cardinal Medeiros), American Catholics, liberal and conservative, realized that an historic moment had arrived.

Consider the situation: New York is the most powerful and prestigious archdiocese, Boston the third largest; two more cardinals (John Krol of Philadelphia and Timothy Manning of Los Angeles) must retire shortly. Only Chicago's Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, at 55, remained a presumptively long-term incumbent among the five active cardinals. Just what this means was vividly described by Professor James Hitchcock, a leading Catholic historian, in his article "Will John Paul II Reorient a Church at Sea?" [*NR*, Nov. 25]. He summed up as follows: "Led now by Cardinal Bernardin, the American Church has all but turned its back on Rome. Dissent has become its orthodoxy, rebellion its rule. A good bishop is hard to find. But the Pope is going to have to start finding some, and soon," because, as Hitchcock wrote, he has "the opportunity to choose afresh" the "highest leadership of American Catholicism, an opportunity rarely given to a pope within so short a space of time."

Well, the Pope seems to be seizing that opportunity in his accustomed fashion. His appointment of Bernard Law to Boston (from the sparsely Catholic Missouri diocese of Springfield-Cape Girardeau) emphasizes *orthodoxy*: Law is one of the few younger (52) bishops to go "down the line" in support of John Paul on everything from birth control to a firm No on ordaining women. And his choice of John J. O'Connor to be the *primus inter pares* Archbishop of New York may prove spectacular (the *New York Times* called it a "surprise"—a good omen, surely?).

Bishop O'Connor is a most impressive man. Well-educated and hard-working, he spent 27 years as a military chaplain. Having seen war first-hand in Vietnam and elsewhere, O'Connor seemed the perfect man to represent reality on the five-bishop committee that drafted the U.S. Bishops' Peace Pastoral. He was, and he did: Tough and articulate, he fought stubbornly to turn a near-pacifist first draft into the far more restrained final result. Last May, in reward, he was made Bishop of Scranton, upon which he descended much like John Paul II upon Rome, preaching, exhorting, visiting his new flock, urging his priests to restore the season of sound doctrine.

Evidently the Pope too was listening, and decided he had heard *his* man for New York. We think he's right, and wish the archbishop-elect well in what everybody expects is his mission: to lead a turnaround of the Church in the United States from a looming "Americanist" fissure back to orthodoxy. One thing seems certain: O'Connor is the best and most important result to date of the Peace Pastoral.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enclose a story-poem concerning the television program *The Day After*. It was written by my 13-year-old son, Seth. I thought you might enjoy it:

'Tis the night of the movie,
In each household you see
The television on,
Turned to 7, ABC.
The Day After *was on,*
Publicized near and far—
It tells the terrible story
Of nuclear war.
The children were safe
Tucked away in their beds,
With visions of bombs
Going off in their heads.
Where were the children?
Why weren't they there?
They knew about war,
But didn't they care?
The left-wingers said yes,
The children should view
The fact that nuclear war
Can affect all of them too.
The shrinks disagreed—
It will scare them, they said.
All little ones should be sleeping in bed.
The movie was shown,
It went and it came,

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And as far as I see
Everyone is the same.
The movie was done,
It was made in good taste,
But it turned out
To be a seven-million-dollar waste.

Incidentally, your statement in *Overdrive* that our colleague Cheever Tyler is witty and charming came as a shock. Not one of his clients has ever found him witty or charming. Not one of his partners has ever found him witty or charming. Not one of his wives has ever found him witty or charming. And neither of his friends has ever found him witty or charming. Tyler, of course, has purchased and distributed several thousand copies of the book.

Very truly yours,
Michael Eisner
Wiggin & Dana
New Haven, Conn.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

NR's two lexicography contributors ("Notes & Asides," Nov. 11), Charles C. Littell Jr. and Dan M. Peterson, suggested calling a unit of beauty a "helen" (of Troy) and a new low in domestic politics a "nader." I would add the term for limousine liberals who collect funds for Communist guerrillas in El Salvador: an "asnerd."

I bear no ill feeling toward Ed Asner or fellow radical celebrity Jane Fonda. In fact I urge that we honor them with their footprints in cement at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Only let the cement harden and then christen them in the nearby Pacific as the "Chic of the Middle Yeast" (he *does* have a beer belly) and the "Heart Throb of Hanoi," famous for her radio broadcasts to our tortured prisoners of war in Vietnam in which she wished them punishment for having opposed Vietcong enslavers.

Marvin Alisky
Tempe, Ariz.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

There seems to be some question as to what to do with the thirty Soviets captured in the Grenada invasion.

I have a suggestion. Why not just put them all on a Korean Air Lines 747 and let them fly back to their homeland? I'm sure the Russian air force would arrange an appropriate welcome-home celebration for them—complete with fireworks.

Very truly yours,
John W. Van Slyke
New Hartford, N.Y.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In recent issues, NATIONAL REVIEW has begun referring to the Left as the Hive. I believe G. K. Chesterton must get credit for originating this phrase, for I have found the following in his biography *St. Thomas Aquinas*, published in 1933 (p. 86 of the Sheed & Ward edition of 1954): ". . . the great general theory that men have one mind between them; a view obviously opposed to immortality; that is, to individuality . . . the doctrine has its hundredth form in what is called Communism; or the Soul of the Hive."

Gotcha.

Sincerely yours,
Paul Parker
Jamaica, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Parker: Before even GKC discovered the Hive, the bees did. Cordially, **—WFB**

"Don't do anything rash, David!"

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REAGAN TODAY

"IT LOOKS so good, it's frightening," says a top Reagan campaign operative. "Supporters are saying, 'What are we jazzing up for? We ought to coast.' Apathy. That's what we're worried about." To fight apathy, Dick Wirthlin and other private pollsters retained by the Reagan operation are skewing their numbers and their rhetoric to make the President look as if he were vulnerable. But the truth of the matter—as shown by the confidential polling data now held in the Reagan inner sanctum—is that, as of early February, Mr. Reagan leads Walter Mondale 384 to 154 in electoral votes.

According to these data, the President is currently outpolling Mr. Mondale in the following states: Alabama (9), Alaska (3), Arizona (7), Arkansas (6), California (47), Colorado (8), Connecticut (8), Delaware (3), Florida (21), Georgia (12), Idaho (4), Illinois (24), Indiana (12), Iowa (8), Kansas (7), Kentucky (9), Louisiana (10), Michigan (20), Mississippi (7), Montana (4), Nebraska (5), Nevada (4), New Hampshire (4), New Jersey (16), North Carolina (13), North Dakota (3), Oklahoma (8), Oregon (7), South Carolina (8), South Dakota (3), Tennessee (11), Texas (29), Utah (5), Vermont (3), Virginia (12), Washington (10), Wisconsin (11), and Wyoming (3). Total: 38 states, for 384 electoral votes.

Walter Mondale outpolls the President in the District of Columbia (3), Hawaii (4), Maine (4), Maryland (10), Massachusetts (13), Minnesota (10), Missouri (11), New Mexico (5), New York (36), Ohio (23), Pennsylvania (25), Rhode Island (4), and West Virginia (6). Total: 12 states (plus D.C.) and 154 electoral votes.

Glosses on the above: Although *New York* is currently Mondale's, Reagan can retrieve it, provided he mounts a strong registration drive and campaigns vigorously. If Fritz picks New York's Governor Cuomo as his VP, this could weaken Reagan's ability to recapture, but not necessarily doom it. Mayor Koch figures here, too. Although he will endorse a Democrat, Koch is seen as privately favoring Reagan over Mondale.

Likewise, Reagan people think of *Pennsylvania* as retrievable—if a solid organization is put together. Blue-collars and Catholics will tell the story there, unions being unable to pull as strongly as earlier projected.

As of today, *Texas* is Reagan's. But if Mondale chooses Texas's Senator Lloyd Bentsen as his running-mate (assuming that Bentsen agrees—not a foregone conclusion), it will be harder for Mr. Reagan to hold this powerful Democratic state—but not impossible. No one believes that Bentsen can do for Mondale what Lyndon Johnson did for Kennedy. Although he is a good political organizer, Bentsen lacks the LBJ panache, and the unions are not entirely happy with him.

In the iffy Deep South, Reagan narrowly (in one case, by as little as four percentage points) leads Mondale, with *Alabama*, *Georgia*, *Louisiana*, and *Mississippi* in his column. A large black turnout would help Mondale, of course, but could be neutralized by an equal and opposite white turnout, galvanized by an evangelical-led registration drive to counter Jesse Jackson's. Jesse's hard-charging entry has inspired not a few Southern whites to fear being swamped by Jesse's tide, which might roll over even local candidates.

Michigan is barely Reagan's today, but is expected to remain such, thanks in no small part to Democratic Governor Blanchard's having stuck Michiganders with a horrendous tax hike. The Michigan GOP has won four recall votes, providing a majority in the state senate. *Illinois* is now tilting slightly toward Reagan. Unemployment is down, industry is coming back, and lots of durable Reaganites, like Congressman Henry Hyde, are working the issues, notably abortion, in key counties. Other states on the razor's edge include *Connecticut*, *Maine*, *New Jersey*, *Ohio*, and *New Mexico*. Ohio will almost certainly stay in Mondale's column if John Glenn becomes Fritz's VP choice.

Everyone in Washington concedes that Mondale now has the nomination locked up. Fritz started organizing early, worked indefatigably on the rubber-chicken circuit, and buttonholed classy personnel to work for him, like the two hustling Californians who had been Alan Cranston's fundraisers. Mondale is seen by Reagan insiders as a stronger candidate than Carter. Organizationally, Mondale is superior, and he's mobilized the Democratic special constituencies—notably the AFL-CIO and the NEA—in a way that Carter never could.

JOHN GLENN's problem is not charisma, but organizational ineptitude. Yet Glenn remains Mondale's best choice as VP, since he gives Fritz his cleanest shot at those sectors needed for him to win. Reagan's men see Mondale/Glenn as the most worrisome opposing ticket. Other possibilities for the second spot are Cuomo, Hollings, and Bentsen, in that order.

As for issues, the President has stripped the political cupboard all but bare. Lebanon is cooling fast, thanks to the President's overdue withdrawal of the Marines. Deficits will remain as an issue, but the Democrats foolishly weakened their case by grabbing the bipartisan $100-billion "downpayment" hook that Mr. Reagan had baited for them, instead of mounting their own deficit-reduction alternative. As for fairness, who could really believe that someone as obviously nice as Ronald Reagan is mean to the poor?

Which only serves to prove the old joke: The Democrats are in great shape. All they need is leaders, issues, and money. □

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THREATENED AFRICAN SATELLITES

An unprecedented situation is in the making in southern Africa. In two important but distant provinces of the Soviet empire—Angola and Mozambique—the Communists are fighting losing wars. In the World War III terms that concern this column, 1983 was notable for the liberation of Grenada. Angola and Mozambique are far more important satellites, and if things go on as they have done lately, both of them will be liberated as well, and thus lost to Soviet imperialism.

This is a statement of trends and possibilities, not a concrete prophecy, for a number of outcomes, other than a humiliating defeat for the Soviets, are obviously possible.

On a trip to South Africa the other day, I discussed the situation in detail with South African leaders and military specialists. Because of the international ostracism of South Africa, Western media reporting on the continuing local wars has been inadequate or even seriously misleading.

First, some distant background, widely ignored. The Portuguese Communist Party—the most undeviatingly Moscow-line of all—set up a clandestine CP in Angola as long ago as 1955; it later sheltered under the trade name of Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA). The decision to launch a rebellion against Portuguese rule was taken in 1959, and the MPLA went underground. From about 1961 on, thousands of black Angolans were trained in terrorism and guerrilla war in vast camps in the Soviet Union.

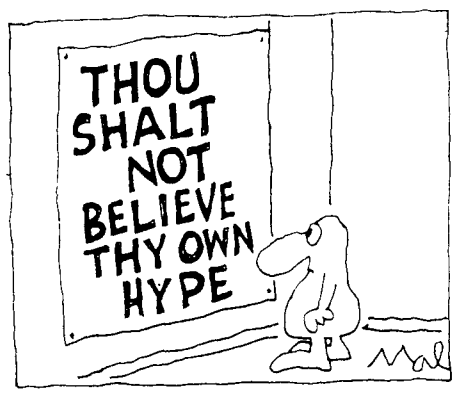
Much the same happened some years later (in each relevant date) in Mozambique on the eastern coast, where the CP in disguise is called the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (FRELIMO). The president of Mozambique, Samora Machel, was put in charge of FRELIMO after his predecessor, Eduardo Mondlane—who was less than unconditionally responsive to Moscow's will—was murdered in 1969.

The Soviet airlift of Cuban forces in 1978 enabled Moscow's nominees to take power in both territories after the left-wing military coup in Lisbon in 1974 had permitted the MPLA and FRELIMO to come to the surface.

Today, there is an interesting contrast between South Africa's attitudes toward the two. In both, the resistance has made spectacular advances and the government forces are in disarray. However, in Angola, the South African government is giving Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA forces maximum help and encouragement to step up the military pressure; whereas in Mozambique, it has switched to talks with the government on "security" and "normalization."

The contrast is perhaps, if one probes deeper, more superficial than real. The point is that the Soviets are telling the MPLA government to fight on, whereas they are doing nothing to stop peace overtures from FRELIMO.

The normal rule in such situations is that the Communist side switches from military operations to negotiations and diplomacy when it feels it is in a *winning* position: Negotiations become a continuation of war by other means, to mangle Clausewitz. Thus it was with the talks that ended the first and second Indochina wars (in 1954 and 1973). The only Communist rebels to make peace overtures from a position of weakness, I believe, were the terrorists in Malaya in 1955, but their leader, Chin Peng, faced with firmness on the Malayan and British side, opted to fight on.



Faced with rebellions, Communist governments until now have always crushed them. The Hungarian uprising of 1956 was only one of several that year: In North Vietnam, too, there was an uprising, and in Tibet. Both were put down ruthlessly.

Now in Mozambique, for the first time a Communist government, failing utterly to crush the resistance, appears to be suing for peace. Will it meet South African terms? It must be said that these are suitably tough: a total ban on the activities of the Communist-controlled African National Congress (ANC) from Mozambican territory, and the restitution of all seized South African properties.

Meanwhile, at meetings in Pretoria and Maputo (formerly Lourenço Marques), there is talk of tourism and economic deals. It would be wrong to conclude that either a) the Soviets have abandoned FRELIMO or b) the South Africans have abandoned the resistance. The Soviets probably encouraged Samora Machel on his recent European tour in search of economic aid; after all, the costs of empire are mounting uncontrollably. Why not let the "capitalists" pick up the check?

In Angola, however, the Soviets are making "unofficial" threats of direct intervention if Savimbi and the South Africans don't cool it. If the threats become official, i.e., public, the South Africans could hardly afford to regard them as bluff. Pressures on Pretoria to do a deal, on the lines of "we'll get the Cubans out if you recognize SWAPO" (the Soviet-backed Namibian guerrillas), are dangerous, and the South Africans know it. Besides, they may help Savimbi, but they manifestly do not control him, and he is out for victory. □

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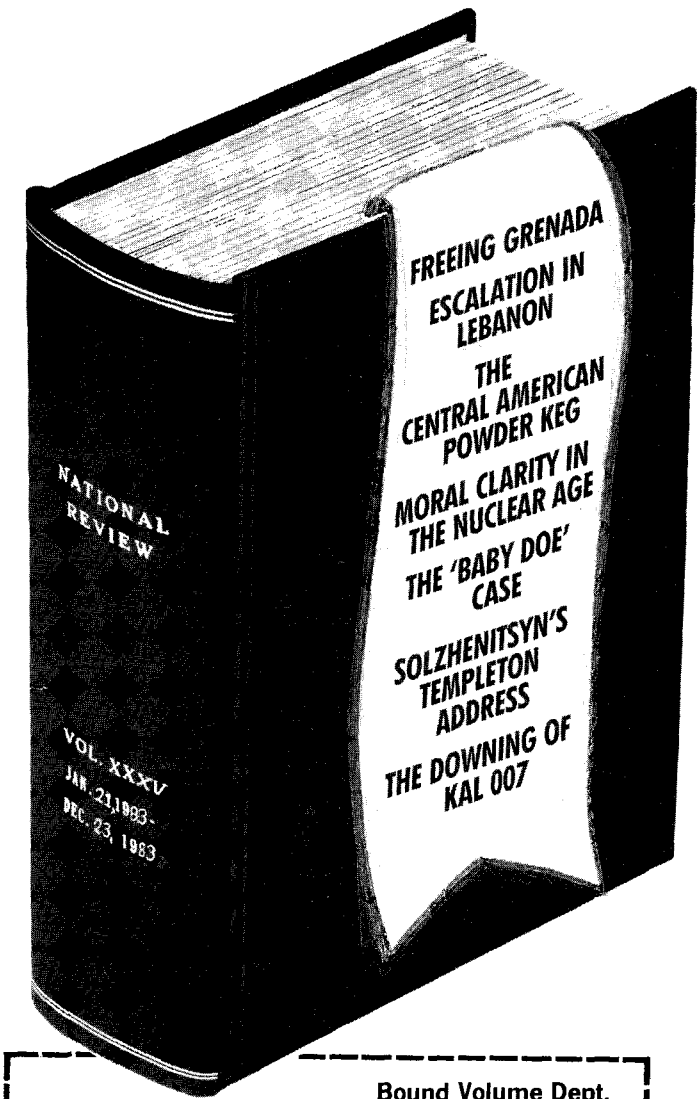

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EDWARD MEADOWS

PETER GRACE KNOWS 2,478 WAYS TO CUT THE DEFICIT

In his State of the Union address, President Reagan once again masterfully blasphemed Washington by suggesting that the federal budget can indeed be cut, sharply and swiftly, without shearing any of those manifold government services the American people are presumed to demand.

This is blasphemy to the high-powered media, the majordomos of Congress, and some of the President's own men. Yet there stands the President, amid the current tax-raising phlegmatics, serenely, purposefully continuing to flout the received wisdom, frustrating every congressional bigwig who ever sought to finance the purchase of a few more votes. The President brushes aside even his own economic panjandrums as well—Martin Feldstein, David Stockman, and all. Then, is the President mad? Not at all. He has merely been listening to J. Peter Grace.

Peter Grace is the kind of man who, at age seventy, Indian-wrestles fellow chairmen of the board at his desk, showers in the evening to save time getting to work in the morning, wears a pistol (for terrorists), and, as a Democrat, took out a full-page ad in the *New York Times* to support President Reagan's tax cuts. He was selected as the President's man to clean the Augean stables, as chairman of something inelegantly dubbed the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control.

Mr. Grace was an obvious choice for the job. Fiercely competitive and energetic in business, he is the chairman and chief executive officer of W. R. Grace & Co., Inc. He is America's senior corporate chief executive officer, having been in that job since 1945. Being given to speaking his mind on politics, Mr. Grace is near to fanatical about the federal deficit and the future of the nation. One observer claims Peter Grace would have made a good Pope, such is the man's faith in the timeless Irish Catholic verities. (In fact, he does hold many high offices in the laity.)

Mr. Grace has intense numerical proclivities. He is a famed connoisseur of figures. His motto is, "Figures don't lie." In business, he finds the study of financial data most rewarding. The overseer of a company with more than 180 product lines and plants all over the world, Mr. Grace loves to tack huge financial spreadsheets on hotel corridor walls, the better to see the big picture. The text of one recent speech contained nothing but page after page of numerical tables. He even disdains the use of adjectives and adverbs in corporate prose, such is his philosophical attachment to the naked truth of unadorned statistics.

"When it comes to numbers, he's like a kid with a toy," explains Duncan Bailey, Mr. Grace's chief number-cruncher and staff liaison with the commission. "He likes to play with them, try new relationships, look at them in different ways. We find some surprising things by taking publicly available numbers, pulling them apart, and adding them to other numbers."

Peter Grace did not always thus amuse himself; as a young man he was a playboy. He is the grandson of William Russell Grace, who emigrated from Ireland in 1846 to escape the potato famine. William ended up later in Latin America, where he parlayed Peruvian bird droppings (fertilizer) into a multimillion-dollar industrial concern, best known for its steamship line. Thus, Peter Grace grew up in a household of 48 servants, went to Yale, played polo and hockey, and took pretty young debutantes with clipped accents out on his sailing yacht. The young Peter Grace had no interest in the family business. When he graduated from Yale in 1936 he did manfully try a stint in the mailroom. But polo was more fun, and he stayed away from the business until 1945, when his father, J. Peter Grace Sr., suffered a stroke. Since then, transformed by the weight of the office thrust upon him, he took a moribund $200-million company and built it into a $3.9-billion conglomerate.

After poring over mountains of government statistics, a task he regards as a pastime, Peter Grace has in the last few years come to know a thing or two about the federal budget. In fact, he now knows precisely 2,478 things about the budget. Let any naysaying congressman try to stump Mr. Grace with that killer line: "Please, sir, give us an example"—leaning forward, squinting here—"of exactly where you think you can actually cut the budget, heh, heh." Mr. Grace will tell him where, with knife-point accuracy.

Indeed, Mr. Grace declares, to the astonishment and disbelief of the gallery, that the budget can be cut by $424 billion, right now, in the span of three short years, without eliminating needed services (gasps from the benches). If these cuts were made, the deficit would shrink to $135.7 billion in 1985 and $62.6 billion by 1995. (It takes time for the effects to be felt.) By the year 2000 the deficit would be down to $37 billion. These projections have

Mr. Meadows is a writer and economist who lives in New York and Normandy.

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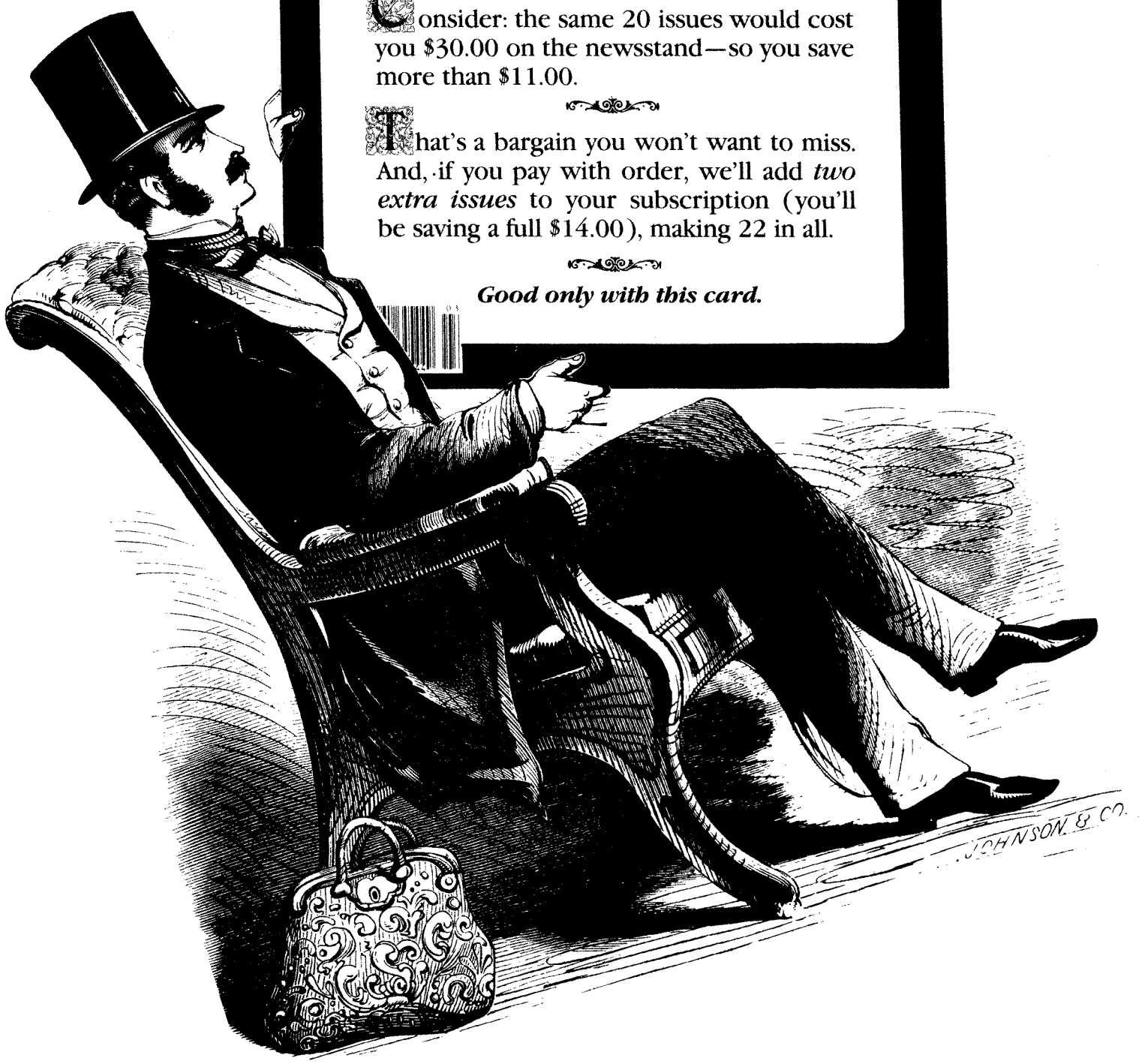

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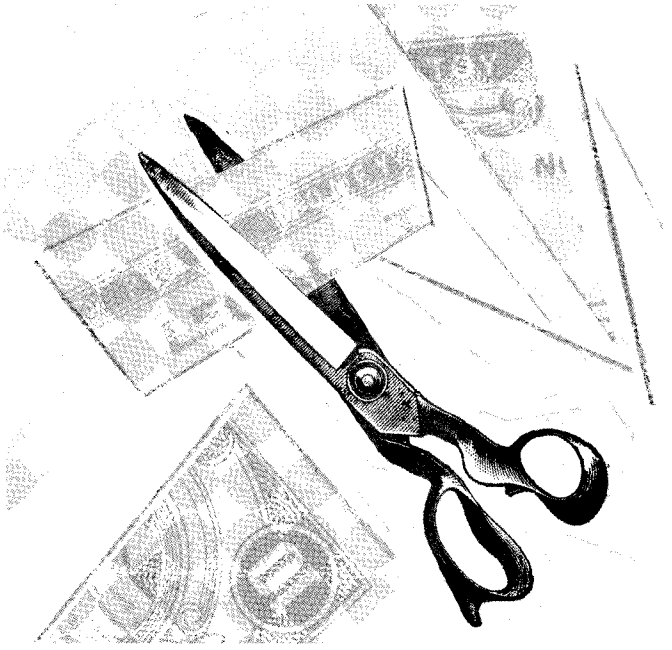
been calculated by Data Resources, Inc., Otto Eckstein's respected econometric forecasting shop.

Mr. Grace worries that the present fat deficit, counted at $195.4 billion for fiscal 1983, will bloat out to $1,966 billion by fiscal 2000—only 16 years away. (A note for the nonchalant: Income taxes would have to be more than doubled to cover such a deficit.) A stickler would complain that the $195.4-billion figure for 1983 is actually a gross understatement of the problem. To find the true deficit, one has to add in the annual amounts needed to cover Social Security and government pension obligations. If that is done, the true deficit climbs to $381.5 billion for 1983, and reaches an elephantine $3,811.5 billion by the year 2000.

Most economists believe that a persistent big deficit sabotages economic recovery, for to finance it, the Treasury must go a-borrowing in the credit markets, elbowing businessmen aside and shoving interest rates higher. Bank credit is financed by savings deposits of various sorts, and in 1983 federal borrowing amounted to nearly 140 per cent of net savings—four times the proportion of a decade ago. Reason enough why real, after-inflation interest rates are historically high, at 7.8 per cent (the norm is 1 to 3 per cent).

The higher rates retard business investing and consumer spending for homes and cars. But high interest rates are lucrative for depositors. Investors worldwide rush to buy dollars and invest them in Treasury bills and bank certificates of deposit. The stampede makes dollars scarce and hence overvalued. Overvalued dollars make U.S. exports expensively uncompetitive overseas, swamping the trade balance. Among Washington money men, the overvaluation also raises the scenario of a doomsday dollar dive if investors wake up one morning and decide the overvaluation can't last; their panicked pullout would shrivel the pool of credit and send interest rates rocketing.

Deep supply-siders, led by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, dispute the deficit's import. The dollar is strong, they say, because foreigners see America as the safest haven for their money. And it is a fact in their favor that economic recovery usually lowers a deficit, as tax revenues rise and unemployment claims fall. But even if the "deficits don't matter" school did win a technical point, the deficit would still matter, because the movers on Wall Street, in the Federal Reserve Boardroom, and elsewhere believe that it does and behave accordingly.



Polls say the voters don't give a damn about the deficit as long as the economy booms. Maybe so, but a lingering fat deficit invites a bust. Suppose the Fed loosens up more on the money supply, aiming to keep interest rates from rising. Inflation stirs, inflation fears are uncapped, the stock market slumps, and the Fed reacts by screwing down the valves again, halting the economy dead in the water. Wall Street quivers at this nightmare, and won't be placated till the deficit is vanquished.

It is no surprise, then, that the deficit dominates economic talk, domestic and foreign, serving as the Democrats' election-year wet blanket and the Europeans' dueling handkerchief. The damned thing pervades, cutting across every issue. It becomes the all-purpose neat excuse. Example: Flamboyantly disingenuous congressional kibitzers now ask, How dare President Reagan propose $8 billion in new aid for Central America when the budget is already $195 billion in the red?

The talk about the deficit is queerly inverted, even in the mouths of otherwise sensible sorts. The usual fiscal discourse ignores the simple definition of a budgetary deficit as an excess of expenditures over receipts, with the remedy suggested in the definition (i.e., cut expenditures). Instead, the discourse becomes a snoresome, hopelessly inevitable budgetary liturgy, imitating the nature of a mystical rite. (No wonder the public is put off by the debate.) It begins with the Invocation to Alarums: The deficit is ballooning, yes. It is then followed by the Confession of Sin: True, Congress has spent much money (all necessary, however). The main passage of the ritual is the familiar Litany of Political Verities, rehearsed in slow, cynical monotones: No, you can't even decrease the increase, because somebody somewhere might accuse you of a lack of compassion. Thus the feeble ceremony is concluded by the Benediction for Higher Taxes. Amen, brother.

Eh bien. When President Reagan named Peter Grace chairman of his new budget-study commission, back on February 18, 1982, the President bade him and his men go forth like tireless bloodhounds. The President asked Mr. Grace to command troops of corporate volunteers—accountants, staff officers, management experts—who would stalk the government's red-tape jungle, sniffing out inefficiency. In order not to add to the problem it was investigating, the commission would be funded privately, the President decreed, by corporate donations of time and money. Such a scheme had worked in California under his governorship, and it would work again in Washington. It was one of the President's pet projects, but some of his political hirelings in the White House objected that serious budget-cutting proposals would be considered gauche and impolitic by the many corpulent diners at the government's trough; budget fat makes good gravy. (When an early meeting of the commission was announced, an unnamed White House politico smirkingly told the *Washington Post* he hoped they'd hold the meeting in Siberia.)

Quickly the project came to be known as the Grace

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Commission, after the irascible Mr. Grace, a man who tends to dominate anything he tackles by his energy and the force of his personality. When Naderites and Democratic congressmen started barking at the commission, Mr. Grace coolly dispatched them. Representative William Ford of Michigan was the loudest howler. First he fretted that letting corporate volunteers study Environmental Protection Agency records was tantamount to putting foxes in the chicken coop. (In fact, the EPA had control over commission access.) But what really bent Ford's nose was a report on the excesses of the Civil Service. Representative Ford, you see, chairs the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee. Mr. Grace to Representative Ford: "When you stick a pig, it screams."

Bloodcurdling pig screams echoed down the Washington Mall as the Grace Commission began to release its findings in 1983. One task force proposed, for instance, that military commissaries be shut down. The military press ranted, and Defense Secretary Weinberger agreed that the matter needed "more study." This was typical, and predictable.

A listing of the commission's executive committee reads like an honor roll of blue-chip corporate America, names like Frank Cary, chairman of IBM; William Agee, chairman of Bendix; John W. Hanley, chairman of Monsanto; and 157 other top-ranking executives. They remanded some two thousand of their employees to root in government files for evidences of mismanagement. The volunteer inspectors ended up writing 47 hefty blue-bound reports, many of them two inches thick, all chock-full of fascinating detail. They wrote 23,000 pages in all, suggesting budget cuts ranging from half a million dollars to $59 billion. All the work was done at a cost of $75 million in donated manpower, equipment, and materials, plus $3.3 million in cash contributions. Corporations footed the entire bill. Not a cent of the money came from the Federal Government.

Of course, on those television roundtable shows where star journalists chat about the week's events, everyone who's with it, who's properly attuned, knew for a fact, didn't he, that Peter Grace could not have succeeded here, that this indignant Republican to-do about "waste, fraud, and abuse" is only campaign blather meant for the rubes in Indianapolis. Remember Reagan on the rubber-chicken circuit, guys, Chicago, 1980? He said cleaning up waste, fraud, and abuse could cut as much as 2 per cent from the '81 budget, 7 per cent by '85. Nothing happened. There, you see: QED, it can't be done. In sophisticated company, serious talk of rooting out "waste, fraud, and abuse" is almost as embarrassing as confessing a close relationship with God.

It being understood that waste, fraud, and abuse is a "phony" issue, a Republican theological shibboleth, then it follows that if one goes through the budget stripping out all the waste, fraud, and abuse there is, one might, with a whole lot of luck, reduce the $195-billion budget deficit by a minuscule billion or two—strictly small potatoes. "Nearly every stone has been turned over," claims David Stockman, President Reagan's Carterite budget architect, in a *Fortune* magazine article. He adds this kicker: After all, The People demand big government. Even George Will understands.

In sophisticated company, serious talk of rooting out 'waste, fraud, and abuse' is almost as embarrassing as confessing a close relationship with God

So does Tom Brokaw. He says Reagan has cut the guts out of the social safety net already, so that, as Dan Rather tells us, we have uncounted millions sleeping on the streets, destitute, in filthy rags. Absolute facts, ma'am. And now Mr. Reagan wants to cut more!

Then let it be noted that in fact social spending has increased under Reagan. One could even venture that most Republicans are aware of poverty, and Republicans, most of them, are decent enough to care about the well-being of poor people as much as Democrats do. Peter Grace has no intention of cutting a cent of aid to the needy. But the

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specter is incessantly raised by budgetary gourmands to scare all away from the very idea of cutting any part of the budget.

Never mind, though. It is philosophically requisite for big spenders to believe that cutting the budget is ipso facto obscene because it is anti-Keynesian, and actually what we need to do is increase it. *Voilà* . . . back to the inescapable conclusion: taxes, and more taxes.

Oh, call it "revenue enhancement" if you prefer, but whatever the moniker, it's the smart thing to do. In the Senate, Republican Robert Dole and Democrat Pat Moynihan slide across the floor dancing a lewd slow dance together, tax-hikers *extraordinaires* in political *liaison dangereuse*. Cheek to cheek, they cast narrow remonstrating glances at the President for not leading the tax-raising fox-trot.

If President Reagan stands stubborn on the matter of raising taxes, Peter Grace offers him succor: "Median family income taxes have increased from $9 in 1948 to $2,218 in 1983," he says. "That's runaway taxation at its worst." Mr. Grace contends that any meaningful tax increases would have to come out of the hide of lower- and middle-income people, because 90 per cent of all personal taxable income is generated below the level of $35,000 a year.

But hark, Walter Mondale says tax the rich, by Jesse! Mr. Grace demurs: If government took all taxable income beyond the $75,000 tax bracket that wasn't already taxed, the booty would only amount to $17 billion, enough to run the government for a single week.

Mr. Grace then raises his hand to make this point: A third of income taxes owed escapes collection in the underground economy, already at $500 billion a year and rising as tax rates become confiscatory. The next third of taxes is wasted through bureaucratic inefficiency, as revealed by the Grace Commission. The final third of taxes goes to pay the federal debt and transfer payments. Mr. Grace's conclusion is that all income-tax revenues are spent before one nickel goes to pay for the services that are supposedly in such hot demand by The People.

What is missing from the whole lugubrious debate is this simple fact, uncovered in exhaustive detail by the Grace Commission: The government is the worst-run enterprise in America. Thus it is the thesis of the Grace Commission that the country can save that $454 billion simply by curbing outright, blatant, casebook mismanagement, without ripping the social safety net, nor even cutting some government services that many people, libertarians especially, would deem unwarranted on principle.

To begin, here is a random sampler of this mismanagement. Read and be outraged:

—The Health and Human Services Department has been paying Medicare benefits to 8,500 dead people.

—A Mississippi supplier bought a gravity timer from the sole manufacturer for $11 and sold it to the Navy for $256—a 2,227 per cent markup.

—The Minority Business Development Agency didn't notice when a management consulting firm used part of its $4-million MBDA grant to rent a townhouse and two cars for its executives, buy unauthorized gifts for its employees, and promote "questionable activities." The firm also neglected to pay some $315,000 in federal and state taxes, consulting fees, and salaries.

What is missing from the debate is this simple fact, uncovered in detail by the Grace Commission: The government is the worst-run enterprise in America

—It costs the Veterans' Administration from $100 to $140 just to process a single medical claim, while the average for private insurance companies is $3 to $6 per claim.

—But the VA is a paragon of efficiency in letter-writing. It requires only twenty days to finish a letter. Compare with Health and Human Services, where a single piece of correspondence needing the signature of the Secretary takes 47 days to get done and involves about sixty people.

—The Army spends $4.20 to issue each payroll check, compared to the private-sector cost of $1. This wastes $40 million a year.

—Some unsuspecting citizens open their mailboxes to find 29 or more copies of pamphlets with titles like *How to Serve Nuts*, because the Government Printing Office uses out-of-date, duplicate, and incorrect mailing lists to post its myriad free publications. The lack of centralized, correct mailing lists costs an estimated $96 million a year.

Say, is this Ubanga or the Central Banana Republic we're talking about? No, it's glittering Washington, and you're paying the tab. How does one get a firm hold on such maddeningly diverse ways of wasting taxpayers' money? The Grace Commission has broken down the inefficiencies by government agency and by function. For simplicity's sake, here are some specific categories of inefficiency, and what the Grace Commission thinks ought to be done to get things in shape.

Information Processing

The Federal Government uses 17,000 computers, operated by 250,000 employees. But they are mostly obsolete—on average, they are twice as old as computers in private business. Half of them are so old they can no longer be supported by the manufacturer. And these ancient computers can't tie in with each other. Beyond that, government decision-makers mostly don't know what information they need, where to get it, or how to analyze it. Witness the results:

—The Social Security Administration's computers stay four to six weeks behind in issuing new Social Security cards, and the agency has a three-year backlog in posting retirement contributions. It is unable to process the 7.5 million new claims each year on time or correctly.

—Some 20 per cent of all tax returns for 1978—that's right, 1978—have yet to be entered into the IRS computer system, a twenty-year-old dinosaur that predates most modern computer technology. Delinquent accounts are therefore at $23.2 billion and growing.

—Though the Urban Mass Transportation Administration spent $10 million to buy new computers to keep track of the $25 billion in grants it hands out, the agency has been unable to close its accounting books since 1979. No account reconciliations have been possible since 1977. The

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UMTA has no central ledger showing who owes what to whom. Despite the computers, the agency must do its financial data by hand.

—The cost of the Army's business computer systems can only be estimated (at $1.5 billion), because the Army simply doesn't know how much it has spent on these computers, what kinds of computers it has, where they are, how many there are, or whether they should be replaced.

The Grace Commission argues that, for starters, some $20 billion can be saved over a three-year period by straightening out the computer mess. The commission recommends naming a manager to oversee computer operations throughout the government; hiring competent professionals; upgrading the obsolete systems; and using common payroll, personnel, property-management, and other such systems throughout the government. And if the government went even further in closing its information gap, by such means as figuring out what information it needs and then setting up mechanisms to get it, some $78 billion could be saved.

Asset Management

Any businessman worth his P&L statement knows how to manage financial assets, mainly by putting idle money in interest-bearing accounts, and timing his own payments to avoid costing himself interest. Another way is to cut down the "float" that offers free credit as a payment takes its time getting to its destination. The Federal Government, however, is ignorant of these common techniques. Because of this, it loses millions of your dollars a year. Consider the evidence:

—In 1982 the Justice Department seized $317 million in the form of cash and of property, such as dope-smuggling planes. But the captured cash, $79 million of the total, wasn't put into interest-bearing bank accounts. Instead, the Justice Department just let it sit. Non-cash assets are allowed to depreciate to as little as 65 per cent of their value before they are sold off.

—At the Transportation Department, some $473 million in recent grants was paid to contractors an average of 13 days sooner than necessary, costing the government $13 million in interest payments. If payments were made only when due, and bills collected promptly, the department could save $144 million per year.

—The State Department squandered some $17 million over a three-year period by failing to acquire foreign currency before it was actually needed. (And when the dollar weakens, State should delay buying foreign currency.)

—Some $635 million could be saved over three years if the government used direct deposit for the 48.3 million payments it makes each month. This would allow the money to remain on deposit longer.

—The Education Department could generate some $4.68 billion in cash-flow improvements and $1 billion in interest savings over three years merely by making loans to students in increments rather than in lump sums. Consolidating the student-loan programs could return at least $290 million per year to the Treasury.

In spite of a daily cash flow of $6.8 billion, the Federal Government obviously hasn't got a handle on the management of its financial assets. The Grace Commission says the government could save up to $79 billion if it ran its asset management as business does.

Personnel

The Federal Government employs nearly three times the number of high-grade white-collar workers found in the private sector. They tend to be overpaid and underworked, given to absenteeism and job-hopping. They get 35 per cent more vacation time than private-industry workers and health benefits that cost $134 a month per family, versus the private-sector average of $93. They like to file such things as on-the-job injury claims (6.3 per cent of federal employees filed in 1980, versus 1.7 per cent of private-industry employees).

—In 1981, a typical year, Postal Service workers took an average of nearly nine sick days each, versus the 5.3-day average in private enterprise. This lost 21,734 workweeks, at a cost to the taxpayers of $652 million.

—The Department of Energy has one supervisor for every three employees, twice the number of supervisors in the rest of the Federal Government, not to mention the private sector. Just bringing the Energy Department into line with the rest of government would save a tidy $19 million over three years.

—The Education Department overpays nearly 30 per cent of its workers, since that many are "overclassified" and there hasn't been a classification audit since the department was formed in 1980. Education Department employees don't mind. Nor do they complain about cost-of-living raises. The average increase was 17.3 per cent in 1980 and 27.3 per cent in 1981.

—Government pensions are twice as generous as private ones, and military pensions are 600 per cent higher than those in the private sector. These pensions are sweetened by lavish cost-of-living increases, such that between 1977 and 1981, civil-service pension pay rose by 50 per cent. Between 1973 and 1982, the government handed out more than $200 billion in pension checks to civil-service and military retirees. These costs will more than double over the next decade, rising to $500 billion, not including an unfunded pension liability of a trillion dollars over that period. (For example, there are a million retired railroad workers and only 450,000 active workers in the Railroad Retirement System—that is, 2.2 retirees per worker. The system already has an unfunded liability of $30 billion and will run out of funds sometime before next year.)

—To decide how much to pay its workers, the government surveys salaries in the private sector. But this "comparability survey" covers only a quarter of federal jobs and excludes 95 per cent of companies in major industries. Thus the survey is biased toward high salaries. The average blue-collar salary is 8 per cent higher in government enterprises than in private industry. In any case, about half of all federal job-classification standards are more than ten years out of date, with excessively detailed requirements and time-consuming procedures.

—One government study determined that word-processing operators weren't as skilled as regular secretaries, so it cut word-processing pay by $3,000 a year. The predictable result was that word-processing operators disappeared from federal word-processing pools, only to turn up as secretar-

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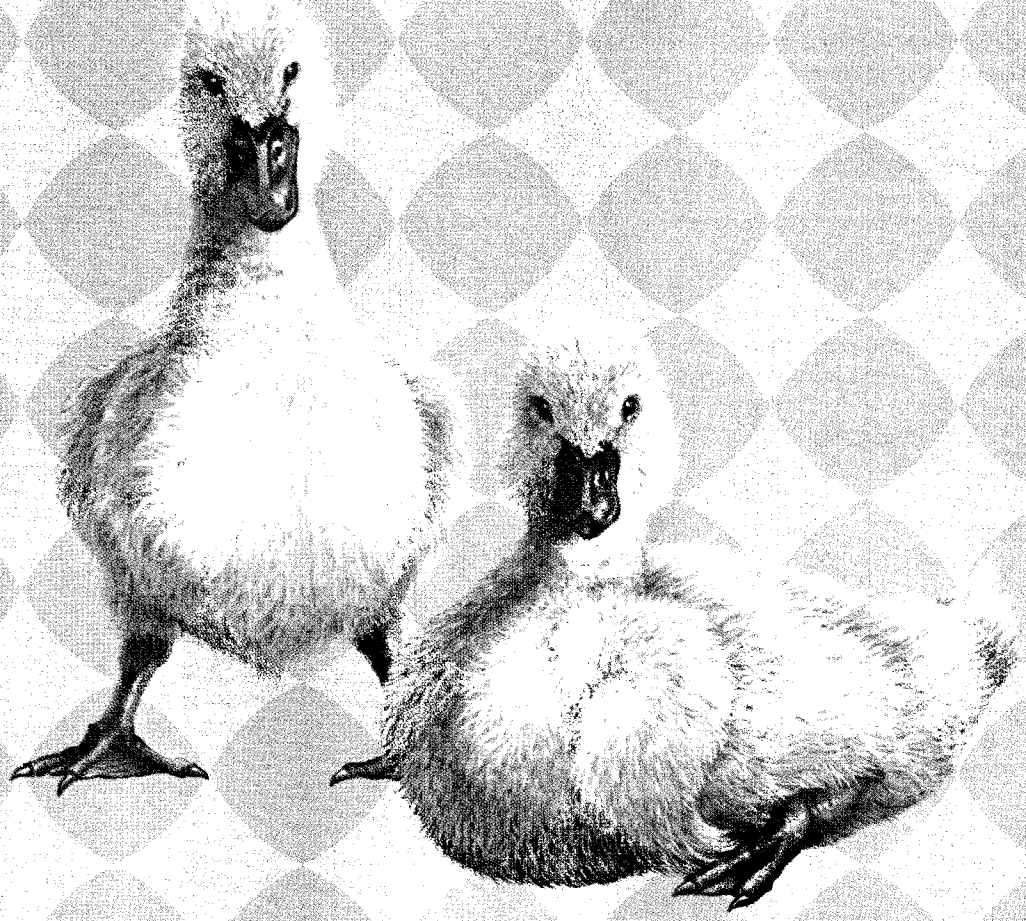

"We're turning ugly duckling crude oil into high-quality gasoline."

"You might say there are two ugly ducklings in the petroleum world," says John Paraskos, who is the Program Manager for Refining Process Research and Development at Gulf.

"One of them is the thick, tarry stuff left over after you refine gasoline and diesel fuel out of crude oil. These leftovers are called residual bottoms, and until recently they weren't good for much except making asphalt pavement.

"The other type is oil that comes out of the ground so thick and laden with impurities that it's virtually unrefinable. It's called heavy sour crude, and there's a lot of it in America.

"Fortunately, at Gulf we have found ways to make better use of heavy sour crude and residual bottoms in our refineries.

"Modifications to our fluid catalytic cracking units, and new catalyst developments, have allowed us to transform increasing amounts of these tarry residual materials into high-quality gasoline and diesel fuel.

"In addition, Gulf has developed a special process, hydrodesulfurization, to clean up dirty sour crude oils, and Gulf provides licenses to other refiners who want to use the process.

"These are two good, practical ways of getting valuable fuels from sources we were never able to use before."

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ies. Some word-processing centers went idle for lack of operators. Productivity fell.

—The VA has a hospital construction staff of eight hundred, while the Hospital Corporation of America does the same work with a staff of fifty. As a result of overstaffing, it takes the VA seven years to finish a project, versus two years at the HCA. Administrative costs are 8 per cent, versus 2 per cent in the private sector.

The Grace Commission says the government could save a neat $58 billion over three years by such things as raising the retirement age to 62 (it now can be as low as 55 for civil service and forty for the military), imposing early-retirement penalties, offering more reasonable cost-of-living adjustments, and redesigning the job-comparability surveys and the job-classification system. More savings would come just from bringing government pay and work customs into line with those in private business.

Procurement

One-fifth of the federal budget goes for buying equipment and supplies. In fiscal 1982, for instance, procurement totaled nearly $160 billion, with more than three-fourths of that sum going for Defense Department purchases. Add to the total some $88 billion in inventories that government agencies hold stored all over the country in hundreds of locations.

To do all the federal shopping, some 130,000 federal procurement officers take part in about 18 million "procurement actions" per year. They do all this while entangled in more than eighty thousand pages of regulations, plus twenty thousand new pages of revisions each year.

Here are some examples of what federal procurement has wrought:

—The Navy's Training Equipment Center in Orlando paid $511 for bulbs that cost 60 cents in the grocery store.

—The Navy paid $100 last year for aircraft simulator parts that cost a nickel at the hardware store.

—Costs for 25 major weapons systems that were started between 1971 and 1978 have risen an average of 323 per cent. One reason is that defense contractors typically underbid on contracts—sometimes as much as 80 per cent below true costs—to get government work. Then, as they proceed, they double and even triple the cost estimates. But by then it is too late to do anything about it.

—The government compounds the cost-overrun problem by allowing a defense contractor that underbids to become the government's monopoly supplier of a system or product for up to twenty years. During that time, the contractor has a free hand to raise and re-raise the price as much as he pleases. Costs are typically doubled and tripled again by these monopoly contractors.

—When the Agency for International Development bought 399 cars and trucks for projects in the Middle East, an audit found that five were missing; 93 had been diverted to personal or nonproject use; 84 had been sitting idle in parking lots, some for two years; and many of the remaining vehicles had been commandeered by host-country government officials for their private use.

—The U.S. Coast Guard pays $100 per week for the use of an office trailer, while the Environmental Protection Agency pays $100 per day to the same supplier for the identical trailer. The EPA's unwitting generosity is blamed on the way the agency deals with its suppliers, and on the fact that the contractor forgot to mention that the $100 was a weekly rate, not a daily one.

More than $28 billion could be saved in procurement over a three-year span, says the Grace Commission, if the government would tighten up its procedures. It could cure cost overruns by using two competing contractors for production of things like weapons systems; by spreading procurement funding over several years to allow better monitoring; and by purchasing spare parts from a source other than the manufacturer (who tends to mark up spare parts outrageously). Federal agencies should also hold smaller inventories, in line with the practice in private business, and they should consider past performance when deciding on a bid award, and ride herd on bidders' cost estimates.

Privatization

The Federal Government is the world's largest (and worst-run) conglomerate. It is at once the nation's largest insurer, lender, borrower, hospital-system operator, power producer, landowner, tenant, holder of grazing land and timberland, grain owner, warehouse operator, ship owner, and truck-fleet operator.

This unnatural situation evolved from the assumption that only government can provide some services. That might have been true years ago when the feds got into most of the businesses they run today. But now it is often nonsensical:

—In the 1860s the government decided to provide cheap food for soldiers in isolated frontier outposts by setting up government grocery stores—the military commissaries. Nowadays, a wild frontier town like Washington, D.C., has six commissaries; San Francisco and San Antonio have five each; there are four each in San Diego and in Norfolk. The government has 358 commissary stores, 238 of them in the continental United States, duplicating private supermarkets, but without the profit motive. The result is

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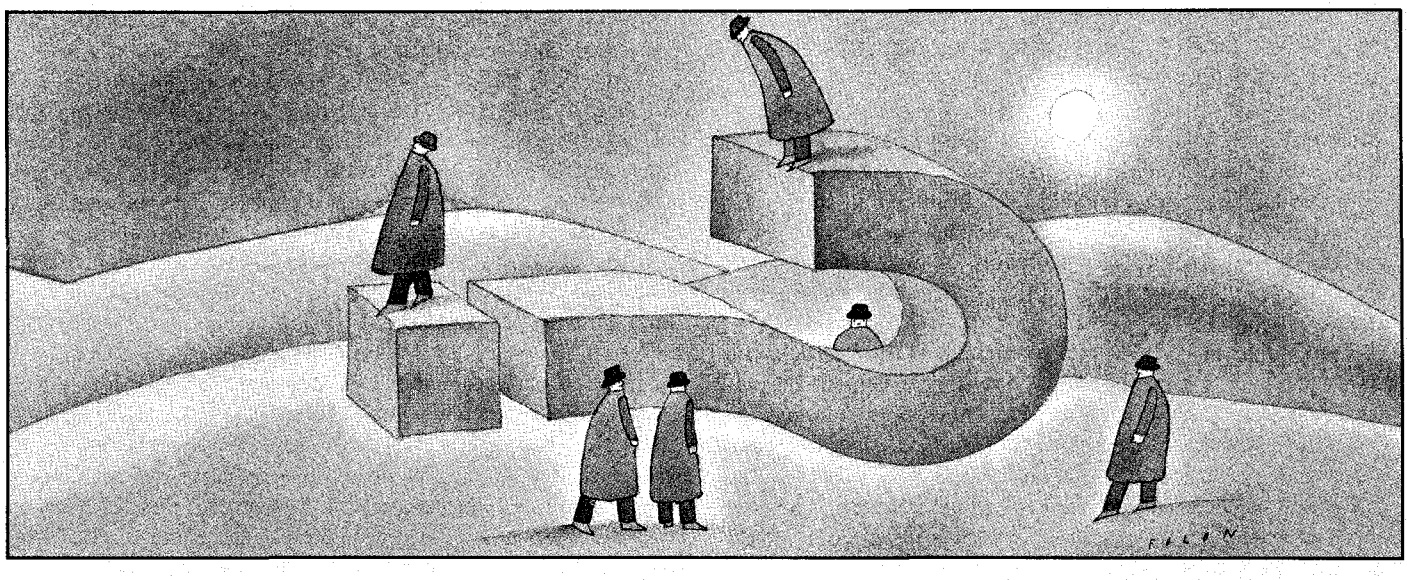


NUCLEAR WASTE DISPOSAL
Scientists have an answer

Scientists and engineers agree that high-level waste from nuclear-electric power plants can be disposed of without harming people or the environment. They favor placing the sealed-up waste deep within natural geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years.

In nuclear plants, the uranium fuel pellets that are used to generate energy accumulate a small percentage of highly radioactive byproducts called high-level waste.

A solid majority of scientists have concluded that the best way to dispose of this waste is sealing it in long-lasting canisters, which are then placed in mined repositories deep underground.

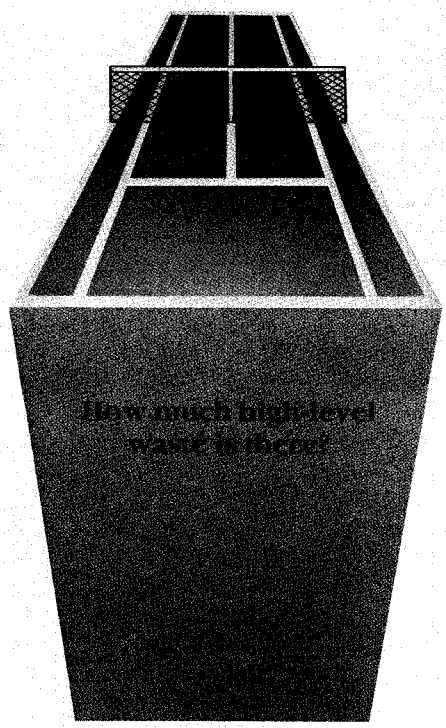
Scientists worldwide say disposal is practical and safe

Over 25 years of experience in managing nuclear waste have led to an international scientific consensus: The many natural and engineered barriers of a deep geologic repository will keep high-level waste safely isolated from our environment and our descendants. Countries pursuing this disposal method include West Germany, Canada, Switzerland, and Sweden.

The respected National Academy of Sciences and other eminent scientific bodies have reaffirmed that high-level nuclear waste can be disposed of thousands of feet underground, in geologic formations that have been stable for millions of years.

America's new law on nuclear waste

With this scientific consensus as background, Congress has passed and the President has signed into law the Nuclear Waste Policy Act of 1982.



The actual volume of high-level radioactive waste from nuclear power plants is small. The volume taken up by all the used uranium fuel produced to date by America's 80 commercial nuclear reactors is the same as the volume of a single tennis court about 45 feet deep.

It calls for lowering the sealed-up waste (in a glass- or ceramic-like form) about 2500 feet underground, into geologic formations such as granite, basalt, or salt.

Geologic disposal is designed to keep the waste safely isolated from our environment for many thousands of years. Eventually, the waste hazard decreases to the level of natural uranium ore.

The clear and present benefits of nuclear electricity

America's factories, businesses, and homes are relying more and more on an assured supply of electricity. Nuclear energy is a valuable, secure contributor to that supply. It supplements coal, replaces oil, and does not pollute the air or water.

Waste disposal need not be an obstacle in the use of such an important energy source. The scientific community has shown us that we do have the knowledge to handle nuclear waste—safely and confidently.

Free booklet tells more

For a free booklet that covers nuclear electricity in more detail, write to the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 37012 (A10), Washington, D.C. 20013.

Information about energy America can count on today

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an uncompetitive and inefficient government grocery chain with annual sales of $4.2 billion, at an annual cost to taxpayers of $597 million.

—Europe and Japan are beginning to cut into the U.S. monopoly on outer space, because semi-private companies like Arianespace can undercut NASA. If the U.S. is to compete in this growing high-tech business, it should let private companies in on space launches, especially since, by the government's own estimates, it won't be able to meet the commercial demand for space launches in this decade.

—The Department of Energy operates 123 hydroelectric dams and 622 substations, supplying 45 per cent of the nation's hydroelectric power. But revenues aren't enough to cover the federal investment, the pricing doesn't make sense, and the account books are a mess.

—Federal agencies try to do everything in-house. The Defense Department has 11,700 employees doing such things as providing food service, maintenance, laundry service, firefighting, etc. Contracting out this kind of work would save $70 million a year at the Department of Defense.

The Grace Commission has found $28.4 billion of potential savings over three years through privatization. Of these savings, $20 billion would come from selling off the government's hydroelectric dams and substations, some $2.5 billion would come from selling off military commissaries, and the rest would come from contracting out services like VA hospital management and turning over redundant operations to the private sector.

Subsidies

The Federal Government handed out nearly $500 billion in 1983 to individuals, businesses, and other government agencies. The Department of Health and Human Services alone gives away two out of every five tax dollars—$269 billion last year. Not counting such earned entitlements as Social Security and VA benefits, the Federal Government offers 64 different welfare programs, costing close to $100 billion a year. In 1983, there were an estimated 22 million Medicaid recipients, 19 million food-stamp recipients, 4.1 million Supplemental Security Income recipients, and 11 million recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Aside from welfare, there are billions more in subsidies paid to industry and even foreign governments. Without debating the basic validity of some of those programs, here are a few of the obvious abuses:

—Food-stamp cheating amounted to $1 billion in 1981, 10 per cent of the whole program. It happens largely because recipients lie about their income and the government never checks.

—An estimated 206,100 aliens living abroad collect U.S. Social Security benefits. The average alien family gets $24 in benefits for every dollar paid in FICA taxes.

—Most of the subsidized mortgage loans made by the government in 1982 went to folks who could have bought homes without help. The typical mortgage revenue bond buyer had an income between $20,000 and $40,000. Some 53 per cent were among the more affluent families in their states, with several making over $50,000 a year.

—An audit revealed nearly $1 billion in rail-modernization money lying idle at the Urban Mass Transportation Administration because the agency has no system for awarding urban discretionary grants.

Some $59 billion could be saved over three years, according to the Grace Commission, by better management of subsidy programs. One recommendation is to tax subsidy payments above a certain income level or corporate tax bracket. Benefit programs ought to be consolidated, and agency accounting systems need to be improved to provide accurate, up-to-date information. The commission says poverty statistics should be redefined to include in-kind transfer payments such as food stamps and Medicaid.

These broad management categories account for some $330 billion in savings over three years, 78 per cent of the total. The rest comes from applying the principles of good business management in diverse cases; for example, the Agriculture Department could save an extra $7 billion over three years by cutting out the overlap and duplication in its services; by shifting the FHA's activities from direct loans to loan guarantees and transferring its housing functions to HUD; by charging for such things as maps, soil survey reports, and firewood, all of which are now given away free; and by increasing user fees for grazing, recreation, and the like.

The Grace Commission calls for an Office of Federal Management to be set up in the executive office of the President. Such an office would guide and coordinate management of the government's $800-billion conglomerate. It would institute the kind of budgeting and strategic planning that large corporations practice, and develop common government-wide software for standardized receivables, payroll, pension-plan, and fixed-asset accounting.

After Peter Grace presented the final report to the President in a White House ceremony on January 16, the networks dutifully ran stories on the evening news, usually ending with the remark that here is another commission report to be filed away. Who, in an election year, was going to propose serious budgetary pigsticking? The *New York Times* wanly editorialized that the Grace Commission was "wishful, but worthwhile, on waste." Some of the Grace Commission's recommendations are already being carried out, but three-quarters of them need congressional approval. Hence, the question lingers: Can it really be done? And we are led to the crux of the issue: psychology.

News that the government pays $30 million in Medicare checks to the deceased, and loses track of $10 billion in block-grant money, seems almost beyond reality, somewhere in the realm of the absurd. It makes neat newspaper filler material, American black humor, good for a chuckle over coffee. It's another little confirmation of what most Americans have suspected of the government since the time of Thomas Jefferson.

Upon reflection, the unreality of the abuses becomes as overwhelming and unimaginable as the sheer size of the expenditures. More discouraging still is the realization that this sort of thing has obviously been going on for ages. So one shakes one's head and flips the page. What's to be done? *Nada, niente, rien du tout.*

The irony is that something can indeed be done, if enough citizens believe it can be, and make their wish known in Washington. Only by the force of widespread dissatisfaction can Congress find the courage to stick some pigs. In this sense, Peter Grace's work has only begun. □

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The Yale Literary Magazine

America's Oldest Review

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Promenade by Igor Galanin, from the cover of a recent issue.

When *The Yale Literary Magazine* was founded, Beethoven was completing the *Missa Solemnis*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* appeared, and Emerson began his *Journal.*

The names of a few authors we have published since then — Rudyard Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benét, Thornton Wilder, John Dos Passos — show that some of our judgments have been quite timely.

Today, as ever, it is unique talent, not just prominent names, that we seek. When we publish Lewis H. Lapham, or E. H. Gombrich, it is not because one is the editor of *Harper's* and the other a highbrow "name"; what they contribute to our pages is unique, and that is the reason for their inclusion. The same is true of all our authors.

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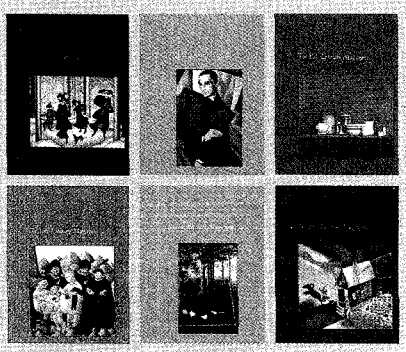

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FROM MILLIKEN

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U.S.-VATICAN RELATIONS

THE NEWS about the resumption of diplomatic relations between Washington and the Vatican aroused relatively little comment in Europe, and most of what has been said puts it in the context of the November election. It is no secret that the majority of American Catholics have traditionally voted Democratic rather than Republican, and European analysts viewed the resumption of relations as an attempt by the Reagan Administration to woo Catholic voters. Will the Administration be successful?

Despite the Democratic connection, Catholic Americans—at least until recently—have generally been considered conservative rather than liberal. For their first few decades in America, these immigrants tended to be in the lower socioeconomic ranks, and, in any country, the poor and uneducated, with only their common sense to rely on, are more likely to be loyal to the Church than those possessed of a smattering of education. Christian orthodoxy—Catholic or other—has always had more trouble with middle-of-the-roaders than with either the little-educated or the highly educated. When Louis Pasteur was asked why he, a brilliant man, was a fervent believer, he replied: "Because I know a great deal, I am as pious as a Breton peasant. If I knew more, I would be as pious as a Breton peasant woman."

Now, some Catholic Democrats might be persuaded to vote Republican in November solely because their country has resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican. But this could very well be balanced by some Protestants who might switch to the Democratic camp out of a conviction that popery had scored a victory and the First Amendment had been violated by the diplomatic recognition. But there are deeper reasons for the recognition, which do not depend on this problematical arithmetic.

Pope John Paul wants to broaden the Vatican's international relations as much as possible. The Pope believes that peace can be furthered by diplomats—American, say, and Yugoslavian and Polish—meeting in Rome under Vatican auspices. Most of John Paul's predecessors held this same hope, which explains why so many foreign representatives are accredited to the Holy See.

Even countries having only small Catholic minorities are represented at the Vatican. Finland, for example, with fewer than three thousand Catholics, has diplomatic ties with the Vatican (established during World War II, while Finland was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the USSR). Japan is also represented, with less than 0.4 per cent of its people Catholic.

The purported advantages of using the Vatican as a diplomatic listening post have frequently been exaggerated. While valuable information can be gathered at the Vatican, this information can often be picked up—and more accurately—in other cities. During World War II, Washington and London were better informed about the National Socialist extermination camps than the Vatican, which was cut off from all sources of information after 1943 and heard only vague rumors. Still, the listening-post argument is not without substance: Through Vatican channels one might meet otherwise unreachable persons. The Catholic Church is well rooted in the world's most neuralgic areas: the Mediterranean, Ireland, France, Central Europe, Lebanon, black Africa, Latin America, French Canada, and the Philippines. Yet, although the Church is spread far and wide, I would hesitate to call it a great power in a material sense.

The Church's history shows moments of defeat as well as glory; folly as well as wisdom. To its faithful the Church is "God's strength in human weakness," but this refers to spiritual strength. The words of St. Augustine about the "poor and helpless Church" will remain true until the end of days. Contrary to popular opinion, the Church was certainly not powerful in the Middle Ages. For generations the popes, in their Avignon captivity, were slaves of the kings of France, and Rome was conquered and sacked again and again. Throughout its history the Church held secular power only insofar as the state granted it. In fact, the papacy probably never enjoyed greater prestige than in our time, in the last hundred years.

IT IS interesting to speculate about what John Paul hopes to gain from relations with the United States. Vatican policies—whether secular or spiritual—don't always coincide completely with those of large numbers of American Catholics, in either the laity, the clergy, or even the hierarchy. The American bishops, at least in private conversation, were never very eager for a direct line between the White House and the Vatican. (With regard to the pastoral letter on nuclear weapons, there is reason to wonder about the eagerness of the American bishops for their own direct line with the Vatican, judging by some of the comments from the bishops who were summoned to the Vatican to discuss the pastoral letter.)

A good, skilled, wise, and well-informed nuncio in the United States can be a true blessing for the Roman Catholic Church, but an unqualified one can do tremendous harm. The present Pope knows only too well that the Catholic Church in America is in a precarious condition. The resumption of diplomatic relations implies that he wants to come closer to the American scene, not only to be better informed, but also to see the Church in the United States moving closer to the rest of the Church, which after all claims to be universal. □

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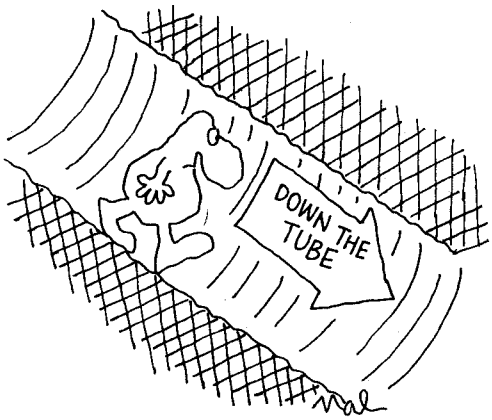

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BIPARTISAN COMMISSION ON THE MX MISSILE
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BIPARTISAN COMMISSION ON THE DEMOCRATS RUNNING AROUND SPENDING MONEY LIKE A BUNCH OF DRUNKEN SAILORS.

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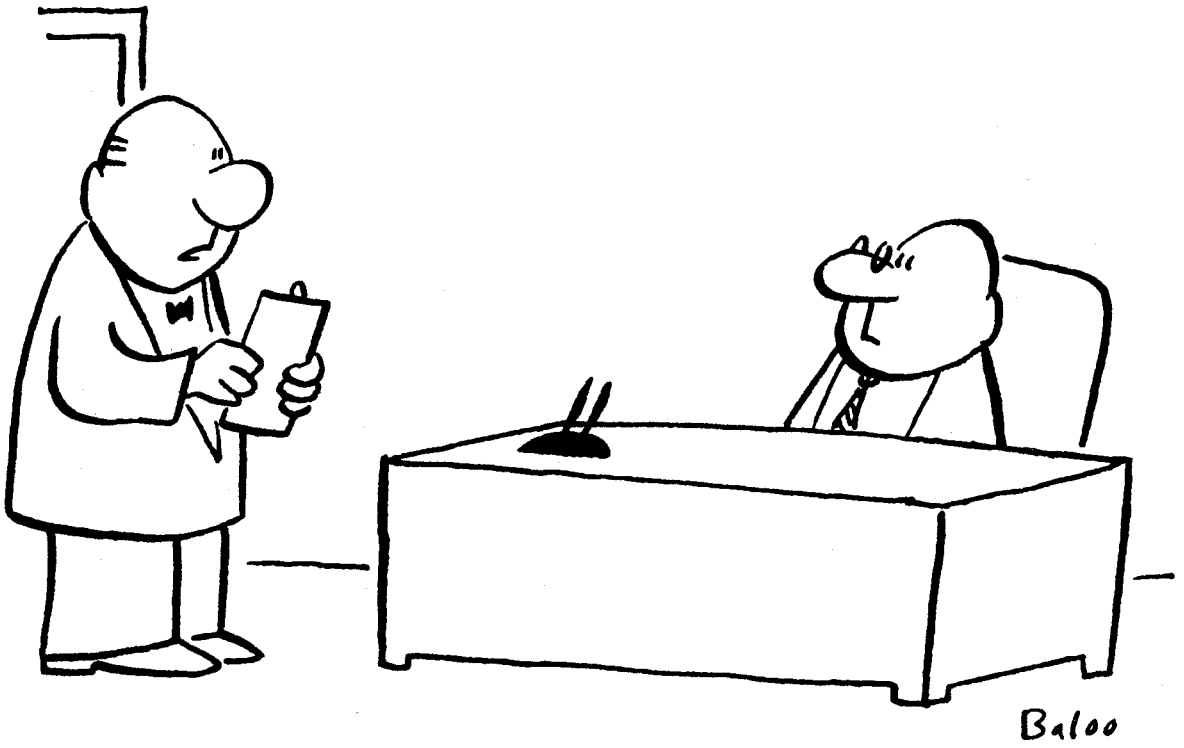
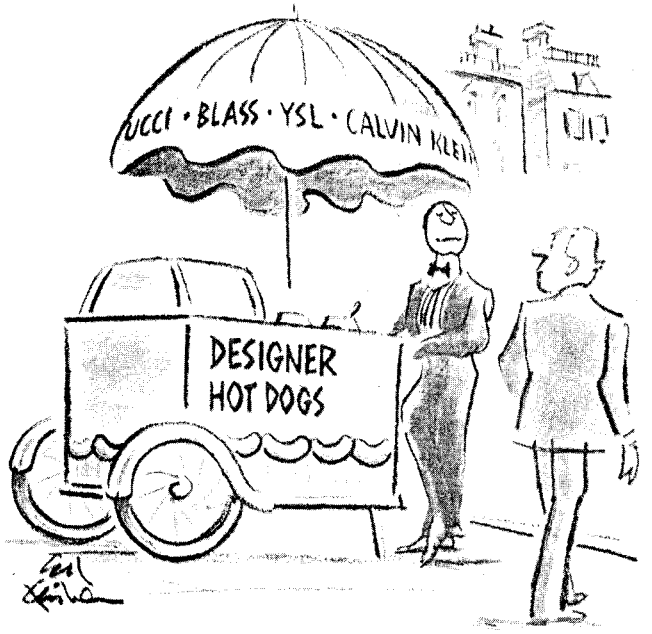


"We lost $167 million in the second quarter, sir, but we're looking everywhere."

Syllogism

Of course we're intrigued
By the prevalent wave
Of ads that assure us
We'll SAVE, SAVE, SAVE, SAVE.
They fail, though, to mention
That savings depend
On whether and how much
We SPEND, SPEND, SPEND, SPEND.

CORINNA MARSH



Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

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THE OTHERS

QUICKLY NOW, before they vanish. "You have to do what you have to do, and I have to do this." So George McGovern announced his candidacy last September at George Washington University, seventh of the eight-man field. Age has bared his brow and pinched the nasal preacher's voice into yet more creaky registers. "I believe I am ready now as at no previous time in my life to lead this nation." The voters didn't think he was all that ready the last time, of course, administering him the worst drubbing ever received by a Democrat.* The parallel that comes uncomfortably to mind for this race is that of Harold Stassen, wooing from the hustings of the ego the votes that will never be. McGovern rejects it, and insists that he is properly compared to Barry Goldwater—the man of principle, once thought extreme, who remade his party in his own image. There is justice in both views.

George Stanley McGovern was born July 19, 1922, in Avon, South Dakota, son of a Methodist minister. In high school he was a debater (one of his opponents, Eleanor Stegeberg, later became his wife). He served in World War II as a bomber pilot, landing a crippled B-24 on his last mission. McGovern studied divinity for a time, but ultimately got his PhD from Northwestern in history. While in school, he served as a delegate to the Progressive Party convention of 1948.

McGovern got into mainstream politics by becoming executive director of South Dakota's forlorn Democratic Party in the wake of Ike's first landslide. He won two terms in Congress, surprisingly, and lost a 1960 Senate bid, unsurprisingly. John Kennedy put him in charge of Food for Peace until his next Senate bid, which he won.

He worked assiduously for farm interests (he and Robert Dole became point men for the food-stamp program), which pleased the home folks. But his national reputation came from the Vietnam War. He voted in 1964 for the Tonkin Gulf resolution—"the worst vote I ever cast." It was a lone deviation. He was tireless, and strident. The Senate chamber, he declared in one speech, "reeks of blood." "No presidential candidate in modern history," wrote Stewart Alsop of McGovern's 1972 campaign, "has imputed to his rival such foul and evil motives."

No need to retell here the story of that effort (masterminded by one Gary Hart). McGovern won re-election to the Senate in 1974. But six years and a sea-change later, the New Right came gunning for him. Congressman James Abdnor buried him, 61 per cent to 39 per cent.

What does he have to offer now? Some of the "social" issues—abortion, homosexual rights—that were considered fringey embarrassments even by McGovern's own organization 12 years ago have become so well integrated into the Democratic platform that they form no distinctive part of his pitch today. He proposes a cut, not just a slower increase, in the defense budget, of 25 per cent. He would pull out of Lebanon and Central America immediately, and win over Castro with offers of aid. Grenada, a "crude intervention," cost America the "moral high ground" it captured after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. KAL 007 "underscore[d] the folly of the present cold-war tension." At home, he would provide jobs with bridge and railroad building. He still has a way with a phrase. "If Reagan wins," he told a farmers' forum in Ames, Iowa, "I'd sell the farm and buy a bomb shelter."

GEORGE MCGOVERN'S former campaign manager came to the New York Hilton last fall to address a breakfast meeting of the Association for a Better New York, a group of boosters and businessmen. I drowsed over coffee while the master of ceremonies, a white-haired executive type, made the usual chitchat—a joke, a

GARRELL 1984 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE
AND REAGAN CLAIMS THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF HUNGER!....
DEMOCRATS '84
CAMPAIGN
ISSUES

*James Cox and John Davis won smaller proportions of the popular vote, but carried most of the then-solid South in the Electoral College.

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Bill Rusher's act of treachery—giving away the house secrets—may make him rich and famous. At home, we will treat him like the Rosenbergs.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

If you have ever come away from an argument feeling frustrated, this is the book for you!

Like it or not you always find yourself getting into discussions and arguments; it seems impossible to avoid nowadays. Don't you really owe it to yourself to learn how to handle such situations — how to argue and win?

Sound difficult? Not when you have *How to Win Arguments* handy. This practical and highly entertaining book is by William A. Rusher (*National Review*'s publisher). Rusher, a professional arguer *par excellence*, is eminently qualified to show *you* how to do it well.

You've probably seen him in action on TV's *The Advocates*, *Good Morning America*, or other shows, and marveled at his effectiveness. No one seems able to put him down. At the very least he's going to give as good as he gets even when defending positions popularly assumed to be indefensible. Now in *How to Win Arguments*, Rusher lets you in on the trade secrets and shows you how to acquire the skills and techniques necessary to hold your own in any argument or discussion.

This is not a treatise full of technical jargon — it's an enjoyable, informal guide to clear thinking. It covers all the basics from how to prepare for an argument to how to handle yourself under fire to how to allow for individual strengths and styles. There's even a fascinating chapter filled with advice from other expert debaters such as William F. Buckley, Jr., Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Phyllis Schlafly. As the book jacket says, it is indeed an ". . . entertaining and comprehensive guide to the techniques, rhetorical devices, and principles of successful argumentation." No argument there.

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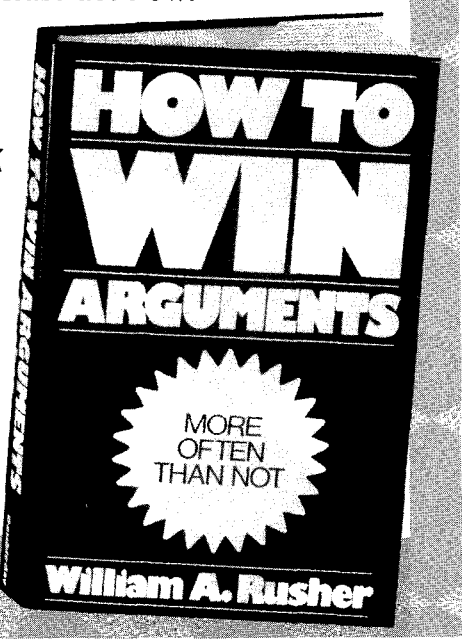

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greeting, a thumbnail-clipping biography—until, after five minutes, I realized with a start that the man I was listening to was John Lindsay. *Young John Lindsay*. Let that be a warning to all beautiful politicians.

Gary Hart in fact is neither all that young nor all that beautiful. The sideburns are grey, and the nose, lean and rugged straight on, has a beefy, Roman profile—late Roman. The subject of his talk was "industrial strategy." America needs one, he said, because of a technological revolution and a burgeoning world market, which have so far been met only by a "jumble of tax breaks and bailouts." Hart's non-jumble would begin by toning up "keystone industries," on the basis of "compacts worked out in the Oval Office" between business and labor. "Infrastructure" would be another pressing item; Hart foresaw a nonpartisan inventory of crumbling roads and bridges, to avoid porkbarreling. Workers meanwhile would be retrained for the future, courtesy of a fund built up through deductions from their paychecks.

Hart's campaign book, *A New Democracy*, adds other particulars: encouraging pension funds to invest ("a 'made in America' answer to the Bank of Japan"); a Council on Emerging Issues, analogous to the Council of Economic Advisors, for peering ahead.

During the question period, Ned Regan, New York's Republican comptroller, threw a small rotten vegetable by asking what the keystone industries were, and who would pick them. "We can all agree" what they are, Hart asserted, and went on to name some industries and the possible pickers. But then, we might *not* all agree, which is how logrolling and porkbarreling arise. Hart believes in his vision of orderliness (he voted against the Chrysler bailout), but one can, with Regan, all too easily foresee it rent by the political winds into Carteresque tatters.

Hart has had better success with his other strategic interest, which is military. He is a charter member of the Military Reform movement, a collection of theorists and politicians (Congressman Newt Gingrich, R., Ga., is another leading light) pushing a variety of proposals. Hart wants a return to military theory in the service academies, and a turn to a regimental system on the British model ("soldiers . . . fight for their buddies"). He also wants to replace the present doctrine of attrition and firepower with one of maneuver and surprise (Maginot Line imagery is important here). Maneuver warfare has the advantage that it can be accomplished with cheaper weapons—small carriers, to take a favorite Hart example, rather than the current behemoths. It has the possible disadvantage that most of history's great maneuverers, including the outflankers of the Maginot Line, ultimately succumbed to attrition.

Gary Warren Hartpence was born November 28, 1936, in Ottawa, Kansas. His father sold farm equipment and his mother taught Sunday school; both belonged to the Church of the Nazarene, a breakaway sect that considered the Methodists too easy-going. Hartpence went to Bethany Nazarene College in Bethany, Oklahoma, where he met Lee (née Oletha) Ludwig; their marriage has survived two separations. He also met Prescott Johnson, a philosophy teacher who encouraged him to aim for bigger things. In 1958, Hartpence aimed for Yale Divinity School.

Hart has been compared to John Kennedy. Yet in his ambition, his personal reserve, his restless intellect, he more strongly resembles Richard Nixon

The Midwestern boy (he had never before been east of Indiana) completed his bachelor's degree in divinity. But he had also begun swotting up literature, and politics. He shortened his surname and went through Yale Law School.

Hart worked in Washington for four years, under Bobby Kennedy at Justice and Stewart Udall at Interior. After Nixon's election, he moved back west, to a private practice in Denver. In 1970, he sent a memo to Senator George McGovern offering political advice on carrying Western states.

Hart wrote later that McGovern "lost the election on the issues." His own maiden campaign, for Colorado senator in the banner Democratic year of 1974, hit the issues skillfully. The New Deal, he said, had become dogmatized; it was time for new ideas ("new ideas," in the context of Hart's career, is an old idea). He beat the incumbent, Peter Dominick, soundly. Six years later, he had to struggle: Mary Estill Buchanan, a liberal Republican, held him to just over 50 per cent.

Hart has been compared, because of his youth and the political opportunities that presumably flow from it, to John Kennedy. Yet in his ambition, his personal reserve, his restless intellect, he more strongly resembles Richard Nixon. Only the looks—for a time—are different.

ALAN MACGREGOR CRANSTON, bald, beaked, gaunt, looks like some prehistoric proto-bird. When he says, in all seriousness, that since Presidents tend to lose themselves in detail his only two concerns will be ending the arms race and achieving full employment, he sounds like one. But the Democratic Tinkerbell can also be a shrewd politician.

He was born June 19, 1914, in Palo Alto, California, son of a wealthy real-estate dealer. He started running track in high school, and continues to this day; he has held the record in the hundred-yard dash for the over-55 age group.

Cranston began his first career, journalism, while at Stanford. One summer vacation he wrote stories for the *Mountain View Register-Ledger* about Nazi Germany. After graduation, he worked in the Rome bureau of Hearst's International News Service. In 1938 he provoked a libel suit by reporting, from occupied Ethiopia, that the exiled emperor had sawed the nephew of an enemy in half. Haile Selassie took INS to court, and won £15,000. The next year, Cranston and a friend published an abridged translation of *Mein Kampf*, emphasizing the foul parts (what could they have left out?). Cranston's campaign literature suggests that he was sued by Hitler's agents to thwart the exposure. In fact, he was sued by Houghton Mifflin, which owned the copyright and had just published an unabridged, annotated edition.

Cranston went to work after Pearl Harbor for the Office of War Infor-

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mation, a government news and propaganda agency. He memorialized one massacre, by renaming a Chicago suburb after the destroyed Czechoslovakian town of Lidice, and helped obfuscate another, by quashing reports that the Soviets were responsible for Katyn Forest. In 1940, meanwhile, he had married Geneva McMath. (They divorced in 1977; a year later, he married Norma Weintraub.)

Cranston turned to politics after the war. He attended the first meeting of the United World Federalists, and served as its second president (another member: Ronald Reagan). He moved on to boost the Democratic Party in California, and in 1958 was elected state controller.

Cranston made his first run for the Senate in 1964, but lost the primary to Pierre Salinger. Two years later, he lost the controllership in the Reagan landslide. But in 1968 he surprised Max Rafferty, the flashy superintendent of schools.

Senator Cranston's subsequent re-election margins have ranged from enormous to humongous. He has accomplished this by seasoning his prime-cut liberalism with a sedulous attention to the needs of local interests. Agribusiness, independent oil men, Lockheed have all benefited from his efforts. Cranston the freezenik even supports the B-1 bomber (not a first-strike weapon, he is quick to point out).

He is not seeking the nomination as a nuts-and-bolts man. He has told feminists he would "consider withholding federal funds for bridge repairs" from anti-ERA states (infrastructure with a vengeance). He branded the Grenada invasion "illegal and outrageous." He calls Ronald Reagan "a trigger-happy President" with a "simplistic and paranoid world view." After his election, he would sprint to announce a freeze —on Inauguration Day, in fact.

The commission on full employment would dawdle in with a report ten days later.

THE CREAM of Charleston society are called SOBs, not because of their character, but because they live South of Broad Street, in the sugar-cake houses on the peninsula's quaint tip. Fritz Hollings is an NOB, branded on the tongue. It is an accent that defies transliteration, to say nothing of comprehension. Lars-Erik Nelson of the *New York Daily News*, in a heroic effort to get it in type, produced this: "Ah spint foteen yahs own a skewel bode." What Nelson cannot capture is the ever-shifting *tempi*. I have heard Hollings waltz about six syllables out of "realize," then jerk a phrase like "we are winners" down to two. All done in a rich, booming baritone.

Hollings is the Democratic Party's Bob Dole. Of Grenada: an 'attack on a golf course.' Of Walter Mondale: 'a good lapdog . . . he'll lick every hand.' John Glenn: 'Sky King'

It's probably just as well some of the words get lost, for Hollings is the Democratic Party's Bob Dole. Of Grenada: an "attack on a golf course." Of Walter Mondale: "a good lapdog . . . he'll lick every hand." Mondale again: He "was not born; he was appointed." Mondale on educational research: "What is he going to find—another *McGuffey's Reader*?" John Glenn: "Sky King." Howard Metzenbaum: "the senator from B'nai B'rith."

There are also some positions in the Senator Claghorn rumble. In Hollings's view, the party lost two of the last three presidential elections because of economic positions that seemed cockeyed or a record that was woeful. Hollings wants to attack the deficit with a one-year freeze on all federal spending (a few welfare programs—food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children—would be exempt). He would repeal indexing and raise other taxes directly: exact a minimum 4 per cent from all corporations, eliminate various oil tax breaks.

Hollings calls his freeze a "shared sacrifice." Some, meanwhile, would reap unique benefits. Hollings, senator from a textile-industry state, is a proud protectionist. "There's a trade war going on; we're the only ones not in it." He would also spend, post-freeze, $14 billion to raise teachers' salaries.

Cognoscenti credit Hollings, rather than Sam Nunn, with being the real Democratic brain in the fight against SALT II. He now supports the nuclear freeze and opposes the B-1 and the MX. He would bring back the draft (the volunteer army: "an armed job corps").

Ernest Frederick Hollings was born New Year's Day 1922, son of a paper-bag maker, who went bankrupt in the Depression. An uncle helped put Hollings through the Citadel. He served three years as a lieutenant in the Army, two in law school. In 1946, he married Patricia Salley. They divorced in 1970; Hollings married Rita ("Peatsy") Liddy in 1971.

Political success came quickly. The South Carolina House at age 26, lieutenant governor at 32, governor at 36. In the State House, he reconciled himself to desegregation. Hollings failed only once, in his first run for the Senate, in 1962. But the victor in that election, incumbent Olin D. Johnston, died of a heart attack, and Hollings won the special election to complete the term. He has won handsomely ever since.

OF REUBIN ASKEW, a memory. In my senior year at Yale, my singing group was asked to entertain at a cocktail party in Askew's honor. We sang (*When I see all the lovin' that they waste on babies / Why did I grow up at a-a-all?*) and mingled. I shook Askew's hand and spoke to him for no longer than it takes to exchange introductions. The next day I was strolling down York Street, when I heard my name. It was Askew, hand outstretched. I was awed. He probably remembers my name today.

In public performance, alas, Askew is chaotic. He precedes every statement with nine qualifications. One loses track about number five, and so sometimes does he. It is a pity, because many of the statements go straight against the Democratic grain.

Reubin O'Donovan Askew was born September 11, 1928, in Muskogee, Oklahoma. His father drank; he remembers seeing him only once. When Reubin was two, the Askews divorced. His mother, a strong-willed Christian Scientist, moved to Pensacola, Florida,

(Continues on page 61)

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THE WCC IN NICARAGUA

The World Council of Churches has recently published a report on Nicaragua that sides with the government of Nicaragua against the Catholic bishops of that land. The *Report of Its Delegation Sent to Nicaragua (September 4-10, 1983)* presents an either/or to the Nicaraguan bishops:

> If the Nicaraguan revolution were militarily defeated by foreign aggression, probably the Roman Catholic hierarchy could return to a position of privilege. If, however, the revolutionary process continues, the hierarchy will need, in time, to adjust to the new society, or else lose its credibility.

The WCC report says that Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo of Managua "personifies the hierarchical opposition to the revolutionary process. . . . The hierarchy has traditionally been allied to the most privileged sectors of society . . . which the revolution has challenged."

Relations between the Sandinistas and the Catholic Church are "extremely tense," the report asserts, and this is not from "theological or biblical considerations but rather from political ones." This is a very grave charge. If true, it would be reason for Pope John Paul II to dismiss the Archbishop of Managua.

The WCC quotes with approval the government slogans painted on walls everywhere in Nicaragua: "Between Christianity and revolution there is no contradiction."

The WCC also approves of the so-called "popular church" sponsored by the government of Nicaragua to set the Catholic laity against its bishops and the Pope. It does so because the "popular church" seeks "to identify with the major goals of the revolution."

The WCC fears that "outside aggression" against Nicaragua might bring "a return to privilege for the few within the orbit of international interests of the United States." There is no word from the WCC about the orbit of international interests of the Soviet Union. Nor is there any examination of the nature of the Sandinista "revolution." The WCC portrays it as a mild, tame version of the New Deal.

Suppose, though, that Nicaragua exemplifies national socialism. Suppose, too, that its situation is rather like that of Germany in 1938. Many Christians then accepted Hitler's claims that between Christianity and his revolution there was no contradiction. A few brave Christians, like Bonhoeffer and Barth, mightily disagreed, but the world seemed determined to ignore them.

In a word, the fundamental debate is this: Does the WCC correctly gauge the content of the Sandinista revolution? If the WCC is correct, the Sandinistas are heroes not only of the Gospels but also of mainline Western ideals of social justice. If Pope John Paul II and Archbishop Obando y Bravo are correct, the "Revolution" in Nicaragua is a fraud and a ruse, in the service of totalitarian purposes incompatible with Catholic faith.

To be sure, Marxist-Leninist regimes always begin by speaking of the poor and social justice. They always seek cover behind a "popular church" and a "popular front." In Central America, they have been careful to get as much of the Catholic Church on their side as they can. Thus, some believe that the Sandinistas are not committed to Marxist-Leninist purposes.

On the other hand, bitter experience around the world teaches the hard lesson that Marxist-Leninist regimes are incompatible with the dignity of the human being. Eventually, steadily, they commandeer every personal liberty that stands in the way of the power of their Party. For the Party understands itself ideologically. It is doctrinal. It makes its Revolution a jealously guarded creed. The WCC may not take ideology seriously. Marxist-Leninists do. They demand commitment to "the Revolution," without dissent or pluralism. Their fundamental principle is class warfare—"the people *v.* privilege"—on an international stage.

The war in Central America is a war for the human spirit, not only for social reform. Social reform there must be. There are not simply two alternatives: either the Sandinistas or the old order. Between those two are the possibilities of pluralism, free churches, open democracies, and a vigorous growth of commerce and industry.

The WCC ought to ask Miguel d'Escoto and other Sandinistas: In which exact respects do you reject Marxism-Leninism? It also ought to consider the Soviet intelligence officers who support the Sandinistas and the guerrillas in El Salvador with highly technical means of intelligence gathering. And it ought to imagine that, just perhaps, Pope John Paul II and Archbishop Obando y Bravo are more prescient, more astute, and more courageous than the rest of us.

I myself am haunted by the words of Arturo José Cruz, a former member of the Nicaraguan junta, who shares his archbishop's diagnosis:

> Those who have the fortune to live in democratic countries, but prescribe socialism without freedom for developing nations, might unintentionally be adopting postures as patronizing as those who are nostalgic for paternalistic exploitation. The greatest disservice to Nicaragua's revolution has been the "blank-check" solidarity given to its leaders through thick and thin—regardless of their faults—by some governments abroad. Unconditional support, whether for reasons of idealism or partisanship, risks taking my country on a round trip; from the past to the past.

It is sad to see the WCC take the viewpoint of a government against the viewpoint of a beleaguered church. □

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SOME HOPE FOR THE SCHOOLS

MARTIN MAYER wrote, at the end of his book *The Schools*, that "Excellence cannot be produced in the high schools any more than sanctity in the theological schools." But, he continued, that is no reason not to demand excellence from students, because "In the effort to do their work better than they think they can, people acquire competence; and excellence is nothing more than the most precious by-product in the large-scale production of competence."

The Schools was published in 1961, when the climate of public opinion was still much affected by the Soviets' shocking Sputnik launch. Yet what happened to American schools in the following decades would have been very disheartening to Johnny Appleseed. Within a scant half-dozen years, for example, federal mandates about such things as busing and bilingual education began to consume an ever-greater proportion of the attention of the public and administrators alike. More damaging was the contemporaneous importation of elements of college life, including numerous elective courses and, tragically, drugs.

The current issue of *The Wilson Quarterly* (New Year's 1984) paints an exceptionally vivid picture of the educational "day after" in a special report, "Teaching in America."

Leading off the issue is an adaptation of a lecture by Patricia Albjerg Graham, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education. She reminds us of how dramatically American life—and our demands on schools—have changed over a relatively brief period. For example, says Professor Graham, "In 1890 only 7 per cent of American youths between 14 and 17 were enrolled in school. . . . In 1945, the proportion of the 14 to 17 age group enrolled in high school had grown to 69 per cent. By 1980, the figure was 93 per cent—although only 72 per cent graduated." Unfortunately, in the wake of post-Sixties educational permissiveness, other figures also rose dramatically. In the decade and a half up to 1980, "The proportion of graduating high-school seniors who had received academic credit for driver education grew from less than 1 per cent to 59 per cent; for courses on 'marriage and adult living,' the figure rose from 1 to 16 per cent." Less than half of graduating seniors (45 per cent) have taken and passed chemistry. (Elsewhere in the quarterly, another author, Gary Sykes, reports that "the average high-school sophomore does 3.9 hours of homework per week—the typical senior only 3.7 hours.")

Not surprisingly, few people, teachers included, encourage good students to take up teaching. Partly as a result, teachers' own educational achievements tend to be, well, dismal. Reports Gary Sykes, "In 1976, the American College Testing (ACT) program compared test scores of students in 19 fields of study and found those majoring in education tied for 17th place in mathematics and occupying 14th place in English." In addition, the more academically able the teacher, the less likely that he or she will remain in teaching.

There have developed recently, however, three causes for optimism, says Denis P. Doyle of the American Enterprise Institute. First, there is growing agreement among researchers and educators that under certain circumstances (including—what do you know! —discipline, plenty of homework, and rewards for effort) schools can make a difference regardless of a child's background or the school district's available funds. Second, Doyle points to the "decline of the 'expert,' and the emergence of the layman, as the prime mover in educational affairs." As an example he cites the mandating of teacher and student minimum-competency tests in more than two-thirds of the states since the 1960s. Finally, for the first time in two decades, state universities are reinstating core curricula, and the get-tough message is trickling down to the secondary—and even elementary—schools.

With parents and taxpayers aroused, state officials alert, and many teachers ready for change, will anything happen? If recent history is a guide, even skepticism would be a somewhat too optimistic posture. Nevertheless, Doyle spots a "window of opportunity" that just might allow for a dramatic alteration in the quality of public education.

Doyle cites a National Center for Education Statistics estimate that by 1991 "about half of the nation's 2.1 million public-school teachers will have to be replaced" owing to retirement and attrition. "The price will be high," Doyle warns, for taking advantage of this demographic fluke (the teacher force today has an unusually large proportion of teachers nearing retirement), but there appears to be a little-noticed opportunity here for a major improvement in teacher quality.

HOW MIGHT it happen? Doyle suggests that states pass laws requiring the licensing of teachers—with licenses granted only after teachers have passed rigorous examinations in the subjects they proposed to teach. (Presumably, licensing would curtail the present practice of requiring numerous, often mindless, education courses for teacher "certification.") By making the licensing of teachers dependent upon knowledge of a subject matter, we might help teachers regain some of their self-respect and the profession reclaim the community's esteem.

Instead of settling into another cycle of talking about, and then forgetting about, educational excellence, maybe it is time we focused on the large-scale production of competent, adequately compensated teachers. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

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THE YANKEE DIALECT

Forrest McDonald

Works of Fisher Ames, edited by W. B. Allen
Liberty Classics, 2 vols., 1,034 pp., $30 hardcover, $15 paper

IF SOMEONE should rank the Founding Fathers on a least-appreciated scale—one that weighed positive contributions to constitutional liberty along with negative recognition by posterity—first place would surely go to Fisher Ames, even as last place would go to Thomas Jefferson. Ames, an obscure Federalist from Dedham, Massachusetts, born in 1758, entered public life at the age of thirty as a delegate to his state's ratifying convention. On that occasion his eloquence and political skills may well have made the difference between his state's ratifying and not ratifying, and without that the Founding could not have happened. Shortly afterward he was elected to the First Congress, where, in the face of Madison's apostasy, he carried the cause of Washington's and Hamilton's nation-making measures.

Until 1796 he remained a tower of conservative strength in the increasingly radical House of Representatives, foiling with his brilliant oratory and his unquestioned wisdom and virtue the efforts of demagogues and ideologues to democratize and even Jacobinize the Constitution. Repeatedly, befuddled opponents said to him, "I don't understand it. We have the majority and you carry every major issue." Then his health broke and he was forced to retire from the political arena, though he continued to write occasional political essays and to advise Federalist leaders. He lived, mostly in debility and pain, for another dozen years, during which Jeffersonians took control of the national government; and then he expired, convinced that the Constitution and the Republic would soon follow him to the grave.

The Republic survived, despite itself and despite the folly of its leaders after 1796, though it scarcely deserved to do so; and Ames, as an early-nineteenth-century prophet of doom, all but faded from memory. After his death his friends and admirers caused the publication of some of his more memorable public addresses and writings, and in 1856 his son Seth Ames published a two-volume collection of his works and letters. One of his greatest speeches was memorized by a generation of aspiring orators, including Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, but otherwise no one paid much attention to the publications. The volumes went out of print, and though they contained invaluable information for historians, few historians consulted them except to cite them as examples of Federalist extremism.

In recent years, however, more and more conservatives have chanced upon Ames's *Works*, and have realized that here was a man who, if not quite on a par with Hamilton or Burke, was not far behind them, and was in some ways more sagacious than either. Word began to get around; and two or three years ago some of the perceptive folks at the Liberty Fund, in Indianapolis, conceived the idea of republishing his works. They engaged the extremely able political scientist W. B. Allen, of Harvey Mudd College, to supervise the project; the choice was a happy one, for Allen found and included 23 essays, 85 letters, and a considerable number of speeches that had not been published in the original collection. The result is the magnificent work at hand.

Quite in addition to their value for historians, the documents speak powerfully to our times. Readers who are not intimately acquainted with the history of the period, for instance, may be surprised to learn that the early Republic was infested by a "hive," fully as pernicious and dangerous as the modern hive that two of *NR*'s contributors have described so skillfully. The fall of the Bastille took place just as the government under the Constitution was being established. In France the course of events was precisely what Americans had been taught was an inevitable sequence: Constitutional monarchy gave way to republicanism, which gave way to democracy, which degenerated into mob rule, which was ended only by resort to military dictatorship. Yet there were Frenchmen, and Americans too, who fervently believed that this was a progression toward a libertarian millennium. (Jefferson, apropos of the Terror: "Rather than [that the French Revolution] should have failed I would have seen half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is.") In nation after nation of Europe, French agents and their dupes undermined governments and roused popular discontents, and then the powerful French

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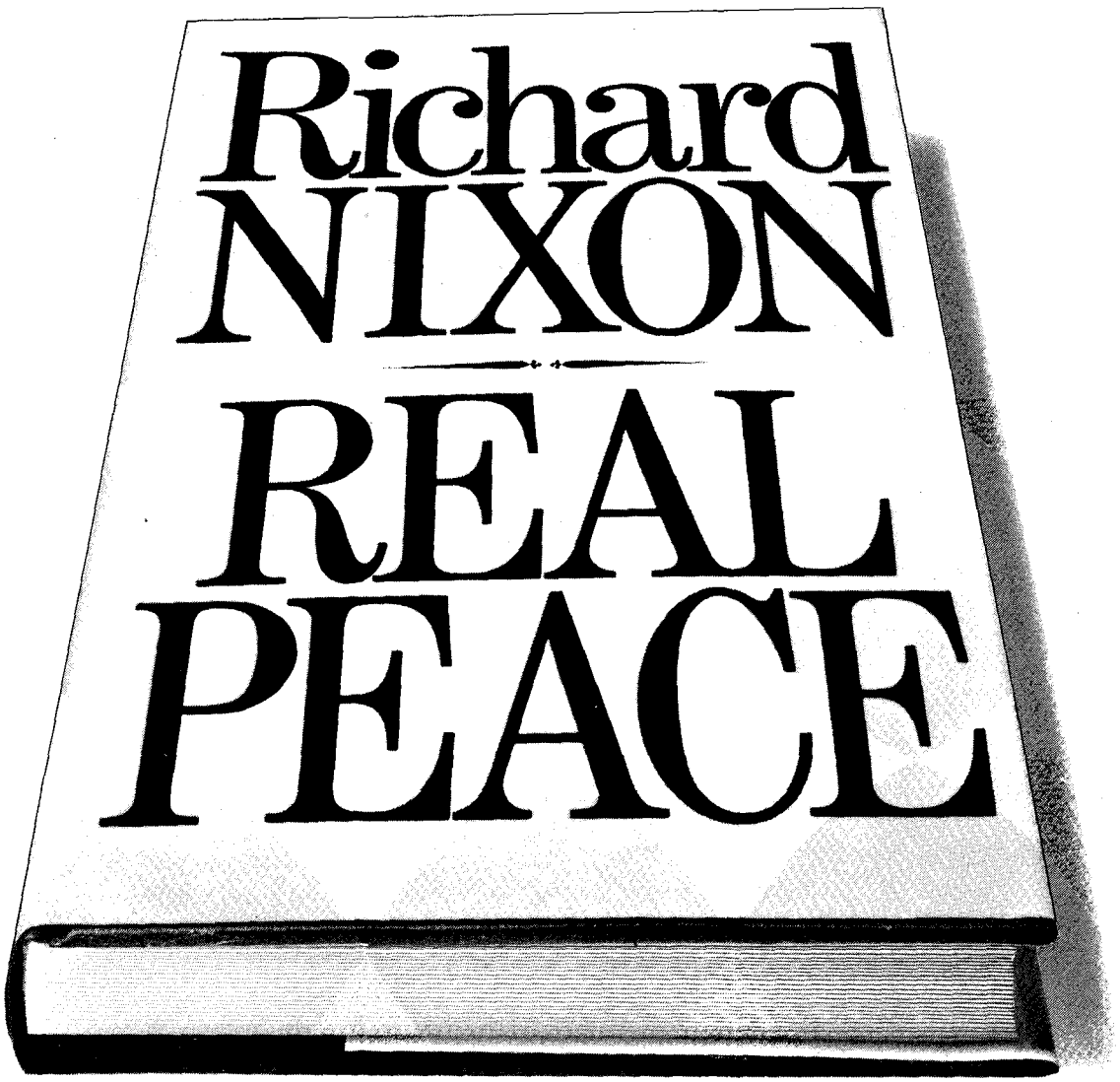

LITTLE, BROWN

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army rolled in and enslaved the masses in the name of liberation. In America, the enemies of the Washington Administration were diverse—old anti-Federalist foes of the Constitution, democratic ideologues, Jacobin ideologues, power-hungry demagogues, and a variety of economically interested groups—but, as Ames put it, they all "spoke French." And he added, pithily, "I prefer the Yankee dialect."

Ames was especially telling in his criticism of ideologues of any description. "In political affairs," he wrote, "there are no more self-conceited blunderers than the statesmen who affect to proceed, in all cases, without regard to circumstances, but solely according to speculative principles." The pre-1787 constitution-makers in America, he believed, had generally been of that sort. For his own part, he preferred to be guided by the prescriptions of history, agreeing with the proposition that "history is philosophy teaching by example." Experience was also a valuable guide, but it was too often dearly bought ("Experience must be our physician, though his medicines may kill"; and again, "Experience, though she teaches wisdom, teaches it late").

With regard to those "moonshine philosophers" who learned neither from history nor from experience but insisted upon following "speculative theories," he was skeptical of the soundness of both their hearts and their heads. The leaders of the Jeffersonian and Madisonian opposition, he wrote, "cry 'liberty,' but mean, as all party leaders do, 'power.' " Of man's "natural" liberty, about which such leaders prattled endlessly, he asked, "What is the liberty of nature? Exposed to the danger of being knocked on the head for a handful of acorns, or of being devoured by wild beasts, the melancholy savage is the *slave* of his wants and his fears. There is no other liberty than civil liberty. . . . We cannot live without government."

As for supposed "universal human rights," he had the following sober words: "We justly consider the condition of civil liberty as the most exalted to which any nation can aspire; but high as its rank is, and precious as are its prerogatives, it has not pleased God, in the order of his providence, to confer this pre-eminent blessing, except upon a very few, and those very small, spots of the universe. The rest sit in darkness, and as little desire the light of liberty, as they are fit to endure it." Ames was acutely aware that self-government wants a long apprenticeship. To foist it upon most European peoples in the eighteenth century—or upon most Asian, African, and Latin American peoples in the twentieth—would be, in Ames's analogy, like rearing a man to slavery from birth, and then suddenly freeing him to the responsibilities of citizenship at the age of twenty-one.

Conservatives of every description will find in these pages wisdom, insight, and at least one ringing manifesto that expresses their attitudes exactly. Most will regard Ames's position on national defense as eminently sound; and his economics, supply-side all the way and anticipating the Laffer curve by nearly two centuries, will strike the reader as precocious in its sophistication. On the other hand, M. E. Bradford and the editors of *The Southern Partisan* will find his High Yankee contempt for the South a bit hard to take; and from time to time he indulges himself in sentiments well calculated to offend someone at every point on the political spectrum. Even at his most vitriolic, however, Ames is apt to be witty, *à la* Mencken or Bob Tyrrell.

On careful consideration, I think the passage that most appeals to me is one that appears in an essay published in 1786:

> Every individual has a right to tell his rulers, "I am one of the parties to the constitutional contract. I promised allegiance, and I require protection for my life and property. I am ready to risk both in your defense. . . . Without my consent, or a crime committed, neither you, nor any individual, have a right to my property. I refuse my consent; I am innocent of any crime. . . . If ye say that the people are distressed, I ask, Is the proposed relief less distressing? Relieve distress from your own funds; exercise the virtues of charity and compassion at your own charge, as I do. Am I to lose my property, and to be involved in distress, to relieve persons whom I never saw, and who are unworthy of compassion if they accept the dishonest relief? If your virtues lead you to oppress me, what am I to expect from your vices? But if ye will suffer my life to depend upon the mercy of the mob, and my property upon their opinion of the expediency of my keeping it, at least restore me the right which I renounced when I became a citizen, of vindicating my own rights, and avenging my own injuries."

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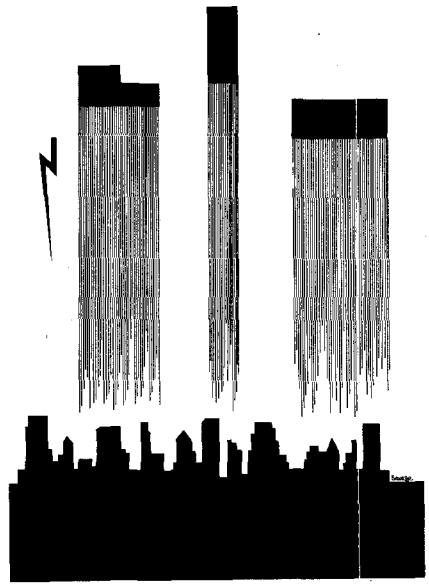

A TROJAN HORSE

Jacob Neusner

Europe and the People without History, by Eric R. Wolf
California, 504 pp., $29.95

THIS IS a Marxist effort to tell the history of the whole world, with special reference to the formation of the world as we have known it from 1400 onward. It is a bad and dangerous book: bad because masses of facts create the impression of a case not actually made at all, dangerous because it is so well written and amply researched that only a fairly careful reader will discover its profound untruth. Indeed, the reasonable and inviting tone—as well as the claim that all the author proposes to tell us is some facts about the "interconnected processes" of human history—conceals an invidious effort, disclosed only at the very end of the book. This is, as I say, a Marxist tract, but by no means a pure or simple one.

The author's superficial message is that we need to learn the history of the peoples to whom, before our own day, we did not impute history, which

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: In *Triumphant Fox: Erwin Rommel and the Rise of the Afrika Korps* (Stein & Day, $17.95), Samuel W. Mitcham Jr. shows Rommel to have been an apolitical general who in the early days of the Third Reich admired Hitler for his ability to impose order on a chaotic Germany.

From Your Capricorn Friend: Henry Miller and the Stroker, *1978-1980* (New Directions, $13; paper, $6.25) is an anthology of short pieces—essays and fiction—that Miller wrote in the three years before his death for a small literary magazine published in Manhattan's East Village.

☐ MORE MARCH TITLES: In *A Time of Passion: America, 1960-1980* (Harper & Row, $17.50) Charles R. Morris, after surveying the social and political turmoil of the past two decades, suggests that America's adolescence may be over and that the country is starting upon a new era of peace and progress. . . . Theodore R. Sizer's *Horace's Compromise: The Dilemma of the American High School* (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95) is the result of a study commissioned in the late Seventies by, among other organizations, the National Association of Secondary School Principals, of which Sizer was the director. . . . *Congressman Sam Rayburn* (Rutgers, $19.95), by Anthony Champagne and with a foreword by Carl Albert, is an academic study by a University of Texas social scientist that nevertheless does a creditable job of showing the late Speaker of the House in all his antiquated glory.

Henry Moore: Animals (Bernard Jacobson Gallery/Aurum Press, $35), by W. J. Strachan, is graced with more than two hundred black-and-white and color plates of Moore's highly unrealistic, always interesting studies of birds and animals. —CW

means pretty much the whole of Africa and much of Asia and the rest. Who can disagree? And I cannot imagine any enlightened person who would not want to know about the European move into commerce and industrial capitalism. That leads us on into the book's three major concerns: "connections," on the eve of Europe's expansion; Europeans' forays in search of wealth (gold, fur, and slaves, mainly); and then capitalism, concentrating on the Industrial Revolution, "crisis and differentiation in capitalism," "the movement of commodities," and "the new laborers."

Now, what can be so bad about all this? Economic history is rarely well written and carefully researched and, when it is, why complain? Well, this is what comes at the end of the book:

> I have taken the position that no understanding of these connections is possible unless it is grounded in the economic and political conditions that generated and maintained these connections. To explicate the material underpinnings of these linkages, I have drawn freely on concepts taken from the storehouse of Marxian ideas. I have taken from Marx the basic notion that social life is shaped by the ways human beings engage nature through production. I have also utilized the Marxian labor theory of value, the distinction between mercantile and industrial capital, and the idea of long waves of capitalist development. I have striven to treat these concepts as intellectual tools, not as ultimate verities; their utility resides in their explanatory adequacy.

(That last statement, by the way, is one of the few poorly written sentences in the book.)

What's wrong with all this is that it comes on page 386, in the Afterword. To get to that point you have to work your way through great quantities of enormously obscure information, on such subjects as the movement of commodities, with special reference to regional specialization. We learn about plantations and cash-cropping small farms; wheat, rice, meat, and bananas; rubber in America and rubber in Asia; palm oil; stimulants (sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, opium); and so on and so on. Now, you ask, are all these categories not pertinent to a book about means of production? Indeed they are. But nothing that Wolf tells us *about* these topics clearly relates to his larger thesis.

That is what makes the book so disingenuous. It appears to be a mass of facts, leading up to the generalizations I just quoted. In fact, it is a mass of facts carefully chosen and laid out so as to seem to prove more than they do.

The book therefore looks to be authoritative and definitive. It demands celebration as a great work of research and argumentation. Dipped into here and there, with close attention to the engaging theoretical remarks at the beginning, the book promises to stand as a landmark. But read by a reviewer who has slogged through page after incredibly informative and astoundingly tedious page, the book turns out to be something quite different. It does not prove its thesis about means of production as the unifying factors in human history. How could it, when it does not bother to argue its thesis? It announces a purpose, works its way through masses of (only occasionally relevant) facts, and ends by mendaciously proclaiming its accomplishment, which is to treat as self-evident that only through Marxist categories can we grasp the totality of human history from the beginnings of the modern age to the present day. Significantly, it is only in the Afterword that Wolf writes pure jargon. That's Marxian.

What makes the work frightening, then, is the author's skill in making us assume he has made his case, when he has not. The academic world takes for granted the factuality of a whole host of "Marxian" propositions (the labor theory of value; the dangerous and corrupt character of capitalism) on the basis of just this sort of argumentation. Come to think of it, I don't doubt Wolf himself believes it. But that is just what is in hand: a credo, a mode of believing. What this book is not is a history of humanity, integrating with European and American history the histories of the peoples formerly assumed to have no history. ☐

ARMS AND THE MAN

Robert Royal

The Aeneid of Virgil, translated by Robert Fitzgerald
Random House, 403 pp., $13.95

THE AENEID is indisputably the central poem of the West. It tells the story of Aeneas, who sets out from Troy, his conquered homeland, obedient to the commands of the gods that he establish the city of Rome and the empire that was to define Europe. This journey has a fateful quality similar to that of Abraham's departure from Ur of the Chaldees to establish God's kingdom in Canaan. Both voyages represent turning points in history; both contributed incalculably to the shape of our civilization.

That Vergil's account of the foundation of Rome is almost entirely mythical does not make his vision less significant. Aeneas founds an ideal empire, far better than the Rome that actually

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existed. But the ideal portrayed in Vergil's epic had repercussions in the West at least as profound as Rome's military and political dominance.

Until quite recently, nearly everyone who learned to read Latin, and that meant nearly everyone who learned to read, first encountered the image of heroic virtue in Aeneas. To a 14-year-old, the *Aeneid* is high adventure—as exciting as any story you read in books for boys, but raised to a much higher intensity by the quality of the storytelling and the magnitude of the subject. Hence, its fascination for two millennia of readers.

In our age, it is important to keep in mind the practical impact of the imaginative when we judge the value of poems like the *Aeneid.* Most modern poets seem consumed by narcissism and bent on producing what Dr. Johnson once called "temporary poems." We therefore tend to forget that for much of human history poetry was considered one of the principal ways of passing on standards of personal and civic virtue from one generation to the next. Thus John Dryden begins the introduction of his own great translation of the *Aeneid* with a then-commonplace observation, "A heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example."

Present-day purveyors of ethics seem to believe that modern folk are paragons of virtue who have simply forgotten the few rules they are supposed to follow. Or, they ponder real if rare dilemmas, such as whom to throw overboard after a shipwreck when the lifeboat will not hold everyone. An older pedagogy believed you could move the deepest instincts of men only by an imaginative appeal to their whole being.

Poems like the *Aeneid* were intended to do something much more than express the personality of the author, reason moralistically, or settle knotty dilemmas few of us ever face: They present us with a picture of how a whole people or an individual can live a life.

The *Aeneid* is particularly important in this regard because it shows how one man overcomes obstacles, leaves behind certain merely human attachments, and ultimately goes to battle for the sake of an entire civilization —our Western civilization—all in response to divine promptings. Jupiter's promise to the Romans has echoes of the Biblical Jahweh:

For these I set no limits, world or time,
But make the gift of empire without end.

Thus Robert Fitzgerald's rendering of "*His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono: / Imperium sine fine dedi.*"

As the reader with a little Latin will sense, Fitzgerald cannot nearly convey the richness and weight of the original. His translation suffers, as do all modern translations of Vergil, because modern languages do not have a deep cultural and political unity behind them that could give certain key terms the proper overtones (e.g., *imperium* in the lines above). To *translate* the *Aeneid* into another tongue requires more than a skilled translator—Fitzgerald is certainly that. His version has vigor, suppleness, and a certain fleet rhetorical weight. No translation can be entirely consonant with the original, but this one possesses notable and often appropriate harmonies of its own.

But one of the prerequisites for a fuller conveyance of the *Aeneid* would be a civilization that has peaked, like Vergil's under Augustus, and that enjoys a rich vision of its own to give resonance to the central organizing terms of society. You cannot expect the vision of the Roman Empire to convey well in the debased language of current political discourse.

The key passage to examine in any translation of the *Aeneid* is, of course, in the Sixth Book, where Aeneas descends to Hell and hears from his father the things that are to come. Vergil sorts out what is and is not the mission of the Roman people:

Others will cast more tenderly in bronze
Their breathing figures, I can well believe;
And bring more lifelike portraits out of marble;
Argue more eloquently, use the pointer
To trace the paths of heaven accurately
And accurately foretell the rising stars.
Roman, remember by your strength to rule
Earth's peoples—for your arts are to be these:
To pacify, to impose the rule of law,
To spare the conquered, battle down the proud.

The word translated as "strength" here is *imperium*, the identical word with which in the earlier quotation Jove promised "empire" without end to the Roman people. This is an example of the richness of certain terms in Vergil's Latin, and it also raises a central point in the poem that has continuing significance for us.

This passage might give some people the impression that the Roman idea of "rule of law" was a form of totalitarianism. A few modern commentators, like Simone Weil, have seen in Vergil's political vision a forerunner of Hitler. Part of Rome's history, of course, gives support to this view. But it is clearer in the original Latin that *imperium* was supposed to be a force toward "the habit of peace." A great modern commentator has even rendered this as "to add the habit of peace to peace." This is what Jupiter gave without limit and what the Romans were supposed to promote—a respect for generally accepted law and order among nations.

We have a tendency to dismiss this view of the empire too quickly owing to memories of persecutions of Jews

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and Christians by the ancient Roman state, and a certain superficial similarity to modern totalitarianisms. This historical blindness reflects the lack of certain moral and intellectual virtues in the discussion of the international order in our own time. Political order involves the use of some force, and though Vergil accepts this fact with profound melancholy, he does not pretend that it can be ignored.

Since 1945 we have been involved in a cold war with the Russians and, as various voices tell us, have created one of the greatest arsenals in the history of the world. What they often forget to tell us is that this military strength has given us the longest period of peace in Europe since, significantly, the fall of the Roman Empire. In the ancient world, people marveled that the Romans had made it safe and easy to travel by eliminating bands of pirates and extending their road system to all parts of the European continent and beyond. Nations that had long fought with one another found peace and still retained a large measure of local autonomy under Roman supervision. Power could be abused, but the international vision could also function so well that Edward Gibbon was able to write: "If a man were called to fix the period of the world during which the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of the Emperor Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

Philosophy and art came out of Greece, and the Greeks refined politics in the city state. But lacking a larger vision, the Greeks wore themselves out in internal conflicts. Metaphysics came from Palestine. But Roman law and order was the third leg of the tripod of our culture.

The Romans could be a coarse people in spite of their civilizing tendencies. Amphitheaters and gladiator fights infected their cities down to the time of Saint Augustine. But the better part of their legacy to us was a sense of the divine working through the merely human order, and a vision of law in which all peoples participated in a shared commonwealth.

Vergil is the ideal prophet of this demanding and at times melancholy vision, and we owe Robert Fitzgerald a debt of gratitude for making him attractive and more accessible to the modern American reader. □

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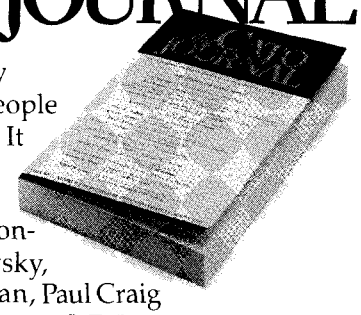

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FILM

LITTLE BIG SCREEN

John Simon

TELEVISION, like a reverse Falstaff, is not only witless in itself, but also the cause of witlessness in other fields it has contaminated: theater and, especially, film. A flagrant example of this is *Terms of Endearment*, a movie that, besides being a crowd-pleaser, has already won numerous awards. Written and directed by James L. Brooks, it is loosely based on a novel by Larry McMurtry, and much more tightly on Brooks's experience as co-creator of such TV serials as *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Lou Grant*, and *Taxi*. *Terms of Endearment* is the thirty-year story of love, and sometimes love-hate, between Aurora Greenway and her only child, Emma, who live out a tragicomic destiny while the film rattles through farce, comedy, drama, and tragedy as Brooks understands them, always with great concentration on the audience's anatomy: ribs to be tickled, sides to be split, eyes to be drenched, hearts to be broken—and carefully mended. A more calculating and manipulative movie would be hard to imagine, and yet there is a kind of innocence, too. Brooks seems to be the sort of con-man who cons himself into believing he is creating true art.

The film begins in Houston with a typical cabaret vignette in which young Aurora (Shirley MacLaine shot through a year's supply of Vaseline), coming home late with her husband (heard but not seen), finds baby Emma fast asleep. With farcical hysteria, Aurora overrules her sensible husband and insists that this is crib death. She tries to climb into the crib but is prevented, again farcically, by the tightness of her skirt. So she contents herself with banging the baby's back, which, of course, elicits howls from the baby. "Oh good!" exclaims Aurora. "That's better!" This slapstick preamble sets the tone for much of the movie: a rather sticky symbiosis played mostly for belly laughs. Aurora, insecure under her bravado, continually tries to climb, literally or figuratively, into Emma's bed while also soundly walloping her, ostensibly out of sheer maternal concern: Emma responds, consecutively or even concurrently, with affection, anger, vain outcries, and pity. It will be a lifelong hit-or-miss convergence.

But hack work cheats about human truths, and so Aurora is, for comic purposes, either overdependent on or excessively mean to Emma; later, for tragic purposes, she will be unbelievably devoted and self-sacrificing as her daughter is dying of cancer—a plot twist that must have leaked out by now, and, in any case, this film does not deserve critical discretion. The early-widowed Aurora is a fanatical pedant, puritan, and tightwad, and prefers surrogates to sex. Thus she has two men—a nice, grey Texas businessman and a short, cocky clown of uncertain provenance—in what looks like round-the-clock platonically adoring attendance, their passionate servitude rewarded with bullying and an occasional chaste kiss. Although meant to be charmingly zany, this strikes me as preposterous and mildly nauseating. The house next door belongs to the middle-aged ex-astronaut Garrett Breedlove (Jack Nicholson), who mostly swims, drinks, or orgies, using his space exploits as aphrodisiacs on very young girls, whom he prefers to bed in pairs. Lately, though, he is turned down more and more because of his age, potbelly, boozing, and crassness, but also so as to endear him to the audience, which might view a successful satyr with envy and resentment.

Aurora is secretly attracted to this jovially devilish lecher, which may make psychological sense. Yet I doubt if she would, after 11 years of ostensible contempt, accept his lunch invitation that is not kept; then, after four more years, suddenly coerce him into keeping it. And would she, after a wildly unsuccessful date, make a late-hour phone call to him inviting him over for the night? As for Garrett, would the occasional fiasco with younger women be enough to turn this compulsive girl-chaser into the rapt lover of a woman of 52? Perhaps so, although his refusal to get involved in Aurora's family life—when Emma and her children show up in Houston because Emma has temporarily left her unfaithful husband, Flap—rings considerably truer. And whereas I can suspend my disbelief to the point of accepting Garrett's sudden turning up in Lincoln, Nebraska, where Aurora is tending her doomed daughter, I seriously doubt whether our man, about to board a plane back to Houston, would respond to Aurora's declaration of love with, "I was just inches from a clean getaway," and mean it. He is hooked, and will doubtless marry Aurora and be father to her motherless and, owing to Flap's incompetence, quasi-fatherless grandchildren.

And what about Flap (Jeff Daniels), who genuinely loves and is loved by Emma? Is he a wimpy English prof whose one strength is his enduring though not undeviating love for his wife? Or is he a strong, silent man with strong sexual appetites whom one woman, however loving, and teaching jobs in the academic backwaters of Iowa and Nebraska cannot wholly satisfy? Does he have only one extramarital affair or many? How good a father is he really? And what of Emma herself? She is shown mostly as an ardent wife and dedicated mother, albeit rather untidy. Is there, besides her exaggerated involvement with Aurora (including enormous long-distance phone bills), something more—or less—to her? We are not shown this, even if Debra Winger, who plays her well, gives off a demotic aura that extends to a much lower-class accent than her mother's. As presented, she appears more than enough for Flap, whose two-timing could thus use a little exploration and elaboration.

To provide a little adulterous sauce for the goose, there is then a sweet Midwestern bank officer whom Emma meets cute at the supermarket. His wife has denied him sex for years, which hasn't made him sour or greedy, only dripping or drippy with sweetness for Emma, and the gifted John Lithgow plays him not a bit against the grain, thus making him too adorably square even for a Des Moines bank officer. And there is, throughout, Em-

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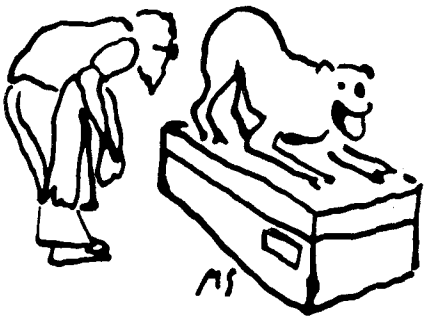

ma's best friend, Patsy, who first has a marriage in Los Angeles to allow for some Hollywood jokes, then, unaccountably, lives in New York, where she can take the moribund Emma on a vacation for some New York jokes.

Brooks is so used to—and, alas, so ideally suited to—television serials that the entire film is made in their dishonest image. Characters are either oversimplifications such as the bank officer, or, like the plot, stitched-together bits of sit-com inconsistency. We go from episode to barely related episode, everything geared to the comic or tear-jerking payoff of that particular segment. If the guffaws or sobs in this installment require a character to be thus and so, then thus and so he will be; if the climax of the next episode requires a radically different set of attitudes, the character promptly obliges with the needed inconsistency. So even the few genuinely funny or touching moments are corroded by contrivance. As soon laugh or cry at this as give alms to an arrogantly overinsistent beggar.

Indeed, by what sort of artistic integrity does a film go from freewheeling, or Catherine-wheeling, farce about seemingly invulnerable comic-strip characters to sudden troweled-on tragedy, from Mel Brooks to Erich Segal? A mother bidding final farewell to her two boys circa ten and six—especially with actors as good as Debra Winger, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox—is bound to elicit conspicuous Kleenex consumption among the gullible. But effects are not affects. Marionettes are not prone to mortal illness; cancer is no way of pumping blood into puppets. The calculation is salient: Emma is allowed to die—peacefully, nobly, with only one snappish moment for increased realism—because this enables Garrett to come through in the end, Flap to become integrated into the family, and Patsy to emerge as a surrogate daughter. It is all as spurious as that priceless Renoir (a fake, I presume, but ghastly in any case) with which Aurora brightens Emma's hospital room during the last days.

What real merit the film has—apart from the sporadic fun usually contributed by Nicholson and, in some cases, improvised by him—comes from the children. All the kids are splendid and well directed, no matter if some of the best things smack of improvisation. Yet even here there is cheating. The eldest child is aware of the rift in the parental marriage and resentful, which makes sense. But why should he resent his mother rather than his father, the manifest cause of the trouble? Because that makes for some added facile poignance in the parting scene between mother and sons and in the scene in which Aurora slaps the boy in passionate defense of her daughter. Shirley MacLaine plays a mostly ludicrous character mostly ludicrously, which may be right, but I find her a bit too obvious and coarse at times.

In one typical sequence mother and grown daughter are exchanging confidences while lying prone side by side in the same bed. In back of their heads, their legs can be seen intertwining in a sensual game of footsie. If this sort of thing chills you as it does me, you might as well hotfoot it out there and then. □

TELEVISION

LEAR'S SHOW

Joseph Sobran

HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER remarks that *King Lear* doesn't ask our sympathy on easy terms. Lear is an impossible old man, imperious, arbitrary, violent. But even at his worst he has admirable grandeur, and Shakespeare, with wondrous subtlety, surrounds him with a set of lovable characters—Cordelia, Kent, Gloucester, the Fool, the nameless Knight—whose devotion to the old king engages our hearts for him before we see his desert.

Laurence Olivier, who is not without his own subtlety, makes it too easy. He makes his first entrance with

The Challenge and the Fun of Teaching

by Edward Pulling

Formerly headmaster of Millbrook School

with an Introduction by
William F. Buckley, Jr.

To those who have ever come in contact with Edward Pulling, this book will come as a fond reminder of the exciting personality of the author, his enthusiasm and his all-abiding interest in sharing his deep knowledge of literature and his classical education. To those who have not had the pleasure of knowing Edward Pulling, this book will serve as an introduction to a strong personality whose life has been chiefly concerned with "THE CHALLENGE AND THE FUN OF TEACHING."

The book is full of anecdotes, witty and yet very telling, for, as William F. Buckley, Jr. says in his introduction, "At the school he founded he was the primary figure not because he was headmaster, but because he was an undeniable personal presence...He brought to his classroom an enthusiasm that could not have been contrived."

Copies may be ordered directly from: $6.25

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his arm wrapped affectionately around Cordelia; he is smiling, whispering in her ear. We see his feebleness, his eagerness to be loved. When his favorite daughter refuses to indulge him publicly, he is stunned, uncomprehending, hurt, not outraged. Already—too early—he is "more sinned against than sinning." The television production subserves Olivier's ingratiating approach by cutting out some of Lear's more savage lines (likening Cordelia to a cannibal, for instance). Even when Olivier grabs a sword to smite the outspoken Kent, the effect is pathetic: He is so weak he hardly needs to be restrained.

All this adroitly prejudices the jury in Lear's favor. And let us be frank: Olivier looks disarmingly moribund. His face is gaunt, his hair downy white, his body shrunk, his voice piping. In what must be his farewell to Shakespeare, he doesn't conceal his frailties, he exploits them for sympathy.

He also blows a disconcerting number of lines. He can afford to. He owns them. When this man, even in his decrepitude, saunters onto the scene, his physical command is somehow total in its ease, fluidity, and confidence. The familiar words trip from his lips with a perfect pitch of quiet levity, casual irritation, or simple directness that never seems either perfunctory or forced; not even Gielgud or Scofield has this proprietary intimacy with the Shakespearean line, prose and verse. His mobile hands and eyes, cock of the head, steps and pauses, expectantly open mouth, quick nods, murmurs, whispers, whines, all add up to a complete characterization, one of offhand magnificence. If he can't play Lear, maybe it can't be done.

But all this sovereign technique is lavished on a misconception of the role. Lear and Cordelia seem to have a misunderstanding, not a clash of wills. John Hurt's Fool is touching, but he is neither "boy" nor "bitter"; he is an old friend whose teasing bucks Lear up instead of lacerating him with satire. Lear's sudden murmur, "I did her wrong"—one of Shakespeare's shattering simplicities—loses some of its power in this version, since Lear appears to be more in a tight spot than in the wrong, paying for a mistake rather than for a sin. It is moving to see him admit his error, but we lose the sense of the first great crack in the royal character heralding a tremendous conversion.

Olivier mutes Lear's curse on Goneril ("Hear, Nature, hear! . . . Into her womb convey sterility!"), an outburst that is, after all, out of character for this sweet old man. But his restraint lets Olivier get the maximum of power when his passion finally bursts out in the great speech beginning "O reason not the need!" and ending "O Fool, I shall go mad!" Exasperated, wounded, cornered by two "dog-hearted daughters" (Shakespeare, as A. C. Bradley pointed out, seems not to have cared for dogs), Olivier gives these complex lines a wild, keening energy. "I'll not weep," he insists, but as he sweeps out with his arm around the Fool (recalling his entrance with Cordelia), you have to be pretty dog-hearted not to dissolve in tears yourself.

It is a towering moment of acting. Unfortunately, nothing afterward comes close to it: Olivier's conception of the role makes Lear's break with Goneril and Regan the climax. And he simply lacks the vocal power for the storm speeches. Beyond all this, he is not by nature the sort of actor to manage the depths of the mad scenes, where Lear is transformed completely. As always, he provides plenty of virtuoso invention line by line, but his Lear dissolves without coming back together.

The problem is that Olivier's Lear has no reason to feel horror at what he has been, so no reason to rage at the "rascal beadle" and "great image of authority" in which Shakespeare's Lear sees his former self. Olivier's Lear was never so far from the "poor naked wretches" that a reversal of fortune would make a metaphysical anarch of him. He is merely grieved beyond endurance.

His reunion with Cordelia is sweet, but not sublime (and even Olivier's memory of the lines is shaky). Why should *he* apologize? When he begs forgiveness, the effect is actually somewhat fulsome. This great scene is saved by Colin Blakely's huge-hearted Kent and Anna Calder-Marshall's Cordelia, who quietly let the pathos take care of itself.

But after all, we are dealing with the most gigantic role ever written, and even if an actor were equal to all the earlier scenes, he would need stamina as well as inspiration for the moment of Cordelia's death. Olivier renders "Never, never, never, never, never," as most actors choose to, more as an exhausted whisper than as a final shriek of despair. It is very sad, but it is nowhere near tragedy.

In *Lear* we hear plenty of what Northrop Frye calls "the unmistakable roar of Shakespeare's mighty rhetorical engines," and Olivier is unrivaled at the trumpet-tongued delivery of lines only Shakespeare could have written: He has had his surest successes in the highly rhetorical history plays of Shakespeare's youth—as Richard III, Henry V, and Hotspur. But the Shakespeare of *Lear* reaches the pinnacle with lines anyone could have written, and almost nobody can speak: "I did her wrong." "I know you do not love me." "Pray you, undo this button." Their very starkness defies technique and embarrasses all artifice.

Yet it would be monstrous ingratitude to say Olivier has failed as Lear. Rather say he has scaled the role to a size he can manage, and has left us, as his final gift, a colossal fragment. Who else has given us so much of Shakespeare? □

SOUND ON DISC

THE PROGRESSIONS OF JAZZ

Ralph de Toledano

"MUSIC BEGINS to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance," Ezra Pound wrote in the introduction to *The ABC of Reading*. And: "Bach and Mozart are never too far from physical movement." He might have added that, in celebration of the Lord, David the King danced and sang before the Ark of the Covenant. Or that in the store-front revivalist churches of Harlem and the urban South, the beat of the hymns was marked by the clapping of hands and the tapping of feet.

That jazz and the dance were from the beginning inextricably intertwined is hardly an original observation. The work songs and pats, the spirituals that were secularized and became the blues, the chants of the roustabouts—all of these, funneled into jazz at the turn of the century, involved physical movement. The strutting players in

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New Orleans marching bands were in their own way dancing. The legendary Buddy Bolden shouted and trumpeted his funky-butt music to dancers, not passive listeners. And the "professors" at the piano in the bagnios of the Vieux Carré were provoking the dance, though hardly the kind featured on the black vaudeville circuits.

In the continuum of jazz—through its classical, middle, and early mainstream periods—the music was for dancers, though not for dancers only. Benny Goodman shook the foundations of the old Paramount Theater, and the kids jitterbugged in the aisles. Nor were they intimidated by the formal atmosphere of Carnegie Hall, bursting into dance when Goodman invaded it in 1938, with his band and the great musicians of the period. But the jazz that evolved in the 1950s and 1960s, particularly what was played in concert halls and at festivals, was virtuoso music in which a new breed of musicians, many of them out of the conservatory, was primarily intent on exhibiting breathtaking instrumental techniques and dabbling in extraordinary tonalities and atonalities played at breakneck tempos. They improvised on the chord, not on the melodic line —and the dance was forgotten.

You listened in awe to their musical expostulations—but after that, what? The jazzmen should have read Ezra Pound, but before they had the chance they were drowned out by the shattering decibels of hard rock.

I reflected on this as I listened to a *History of Jazz*—ten boxed LPs compiled and selected from the great but out-of-print Verve catalogue, and issued in this country by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901—telephone 800-446-7964). The collection is less a history than a survey and a sampler, since its evocations of past styles and genres were recorded in the 1950s. In this survey, some of the great names of jazz trace its progression from the blues and New Orleans *cum* Chicago *cum* Dixieland to the small-band mode that once thrived on New York's 52nd Street and the Big Band era to bop and modern and beyond, before rock, like Lady Macbeth, said, "Give me the daggers" and stabbed jazz in the *gluteus maximus*.

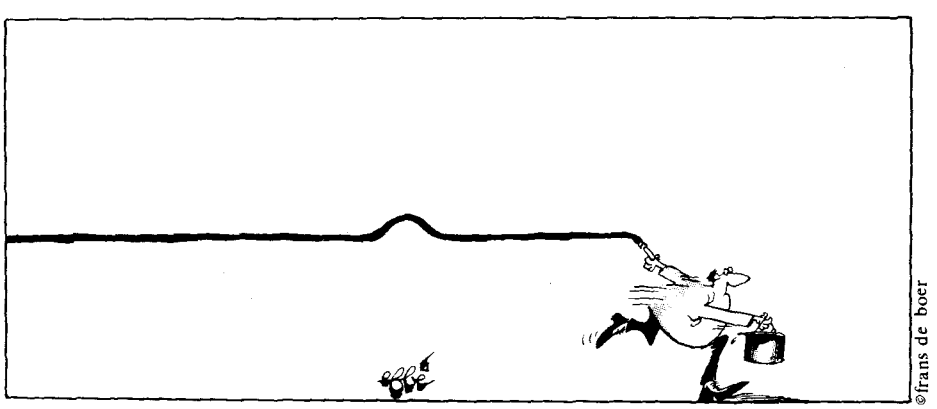
It is a fine, rewarding, and eclectic collection featuring the great and the good, the remembered and the forgotten. There are 115 selections on these ten LPs, and it would take columns to list all the groups and musicians. Each of the ten records is devoted to a period or a style: New Orleans/Chicago/Dixieland, which includes that boogie-woogie powerhouse Meade Lux Lewis and the barrelhouse piano of Joe Sullivan; the small groups, such as a Teddy Wilson trio, a Lionel Hampton quartet with the fine Oscar Peterson; the great Big Bands—Basie, Goodman, the Woody Herman herd; mainstream —small groups with Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young; small combos drawn from the Duke Ellington orchestra; four jam sessions featuring some of the best men in jazz; a record of bop and one of modern; and a final one of the vocalists—Sarah Vaughan, Jimmy Rushing, and Billie Holiday included.

This incomplete catalogue does not do justice to the collection, but let it serve as an excellent once-over-lightly of the jazz epoch. It serves, too, as an introduction to another boxed set of ten LPs, *The Essential Charlie Parker*, also issued by Blue Angel. Let me simultaneously, and just for starters, note that this compendium belongs among the very great collections of recorded jazz even as I say a *mea culpa*. I beat my breast because over the years, and until I listened to this collection, I had narrowmindedly avoided Charlie Parker on the theory that bop was bleep. If I was right about bop I was grievously wrong about Charlie Parker. He is dead now, and enshrined like another jazzman who died young —Bix Beiderbecke.

The Essential Charlie Parker brings together most of his recorded output —the great concerts, the Birdland and other air shots, the studio work. Charlie Parker began playing when he was, to use Walt Kelly's expression, mere a tad in Kansas City, that nurturing place of so much great jazz. From the start, he had that full and firm tone that made his alto sound as rich as a tenor saxophone. He was a modern, but his *Geist* flowed up from the blues, and he never betrayed it. His technique was prodigious, so that he could make his instrument say precisely what he wanted it to say. The ideas that filled his works were inexhaustible, yet he never forgot the beat, the melody, the sense of the dance. Surrounded by the exhibitionists of bop, he always sang true. He was one of the originals of jazz—one of the musicians who gave to it as much as they took.

A cult grew up around Charlie Parker during his lifetime and after—Charlie Parker, the Bird. Listening to the superb recordings that Blue Angel has given us, you can understand why. For oddly enough, and in spite of the hype that surrounds the business of making music, genius is recognized. Charlie Parker's genius was manifest, from his earliest days. "He was terrific," that great lady of piano jazz, Mary Lou Williams, said of him. "He was something else. He couldn't put his horn down." I never heard him in life, but I rejoice that his recordings remain with us.

NOTE. Some time ago, I received in the mail a cassette titled *Welcome to My Life*. It was a collection of what might be called jazz hymns sung by a singer I had never heard, Carole Hampton. I do not object to the celebration of God in a jazz idiom, so I dutifully played it. I am glad I did. For Carole Hampton has a beautiful jazz voice and a total sense of jazz phrasing. The voice I would place somewhere between Ella Fitzgerald and Mildred Bailey—what more can be said! The hymns are lovely. The cassette is obtainable from C.H.M. Inc., P.O. Box 2426, Reseda, Calif. 91335. □



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DELECTATIONS

TASTE AND TECHNIQUE

Nika Hazelton

NOT SO LONG AGO, I attended an unforgettable tasting of rare old German wines: unforgettable both for the wines themselves and for—rarity of rarities—the absence of commercial overtones about the occasion, although the man who put it on is a wine merchant.

This was a follow-up to an earlier tasting, four or five years ago, of a similar group of irreplaceable German wines, which their owner wanted to share with a number of friends. The wines in question were *Beerenauslesen*, *Trockenbeerenauslesen*, *Spätlesen*, and the comparatively simple *Auslesen*. These terms, in German winemaking, refer to wines made from grapes at specific degrees of over-ripeness; they are hand-picked by the bunch, or even by the single grape. The wines are fabulously expensive, made to be enjoyed by themselves rather than as accompaniments to food. Owing to the northern climates in which the vines grow, in the steep Moselle and Rhine regions of Germany, the best of the wines are made in very small quantities and limited vintages—and once drunk, they are gone forever.

The man who put on the tasting is Peter M. F. Sichel, the American head of a German wine firm that recently celebrated its 125th anniversary. The family is rather like that of the banking Rothschilds; from, in this case, their ancestral Rhineland they spread over Europe and prospered in the wine business. The Sichel family is also given to the promotion of culture and to good works, alongside a well-developed sense for profitable business.

The wine tastings took place in Peter's house in Manhattan, where you sit under the works of German Impressionists and Expressionists, and eat at a table spread with an embroidered tablecloth, and meet people from all over the world. As we sipped the wines, ranging from pale gold in color to a deep, golden brown, I was transported back into a world that I wonder if still exists in Germany—the world of very cultivated, soigné households where comfortable surroundings, good books, and fine pictures were part of one's daily life and taken utterly for granted. This was the world of the German *haute bourgeoisie* of yesteryear, the world in which the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"WE ARE all well aware," George Roche writes in *America by the Throat: The Stranglehold of Federal Bureaucracy* (Devin-Adair, 143 Sound Beach Ave., Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870; $14.95), "that the Federal Government has grown immense in recent times. It is not as well understood, unfortunately, that as government grows, it necessarily becomes more and more bureaucratic and rigid—and authoritarian. The overweening bureaucracy that emerges is less an evil in itself than a reflection of this trend and a greater evil: the thrust toward an all-powerful central government." Entirely correct, of course, and yet not the whole story, to which this book never penetrates.

Roche believes that bureaucracy originated with nomadic, pillaging societies, and that it gave rise to the state rather than the other way around. Bureaucracy, he notes, is and has been common to all societies in every period in history, and to every kind of governmental and political system: "It is a simple, identifiable method of organizing human effort, and its form appears to have changed only in minor detail over thousands of years." Roche identifies as its three chief characteristics its reliance upon coercion as the sole means of enforcing its will, its responsibility to higher governmental authority (whereby it lacks significant discretion in pursuing its tasks), and its purely political nature. ("It functions wholly outside the economic marketplace. No relationship exists between services and its income, so its performance cannot be objectively judged in dollar terms. It is, in other words, completely removed from . . . economic or other private activity. It has no tools to manage economic activity.")

Bureaucracy, Roche argues, can only be understood in juxtaposition to its opposite, the "profit method" of organizing human activity. These opposites, he claims, are like oil and water: They cannot be mixed in the furtherance of a single enterprise. ("History is rich in examples of whole civilizations that have died trying to impose the bureaucratic method where it was bound to fail.") The problem with bureaucracy, Roche suggests, is not that it is "undemocratic" or "unresponsive" (it responds with the utmost sensitivity, not to say obsequiousness, to its masters) or "inefficient" or "evil," but, quite simply, that it is set to performing jobs it has no business doing. "Bureaucracy," he states, "should never be applied to private or economic purposes. In these areas it always does harm. Unless economic law fails me, this is an absolute rule." As an example of the bureaucratic method rightly applied, Roche gives us the Army. In fact, "we cannot fully understand bureaucracy until we understand its military side. It is no coincidence that as states and their bureaucratic apparatus increase in power and scope, they tend to become more and more militaristic, with a military dictatorship the end product."

ROCHE is absolutely correct in his diagnosis of the perhaps irreparable harm bureaucracy is doing American society, as in his pessimistic appraisal of the likelihood of Congress's doing anything about it. ("Congress just goes on adding to the problem all the time.") However, his nearly exclusive emphasis on the economic argument seriously skews his perception both of the problem and of its remedy. It is true that American entrepreneurs are stuffed to busting with bureaucratic regulations crammed down their throats. It is not true, however, that bureaucracy is solely, or even chiefly, an extension of the will to all-powerful government; indeed it would be more accurate to say that both are an expression of an attitude deeply rooted in the modern intellect, something as common to the profit-minded as to the power-minded, and deeply embedded in the rationalistic and positivistic ethos of a senile age that promises to bequeath its worst faults to its successor. □

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young Goethe grew up in Frankfurt, the world that Thomas Mann describes so well in the first part of his Buddenbrooks saga. It is not a soft nor a sentimental world, but one based upon solid money generated by a solid work ethic regulated by a solid family feeling.

Peter M. F. Sichel—to distinguish him from the other Sichels, who run the companies in Germany, England, and France—is a tall man in his late fifties with the look of an international banker, an outgoing personality, and a rapid manner of speech. Meeting him, one recognizes immediately that he is a man who knows who he is, what he has achieved, and what he can do. What impresses one also is his gift for combining the best of a cultured gentleman's world with that of one of the most popular wines in the world, Blue Nun Liebfraumilch, a white, mildly sweet and fragrant German potion.

Blue Nun is one of the wine world's great success stories. The wine was developed in the early Fifties by the London Sichel, who recognized the importance both of a brand-name table wine and of the necessity of popularizing a German wine that could be drunk throughout the meal rather than being a sipping drink, as one would normally expect a German wine to be. I don't believe anybody thinks of Blue Nun as a wonderful wine—it is also, to many people's minds, rather overpriced—but it is a palatable, safe wine you can be sure of when everything else on the wine list somewhere in the hinterlands sounds unknown and doubtful.

German wine owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Peter M. F. Sichel. Although his firm imports and merchandises many wines from many countries, he has devoted a great deal of time and expertise to German wines. One of his several books, *The Wines of Germany: Completely Revised Edition of Frank Schoonmaker's Classic* (Hastings House, $10.95) is the most lucid, complete explication of a subject that, while it is truly complex, is often made unnecessarily so (as things German often are).

It seems to me that German wine reflects the German character: At its best it is absolutely wonderful, a triumph of mind over matter in its careful use of grapes from a rather unsuitable northern climate; while at its worst it is debased by the crassest, most unscrupulous commercialism to a thin, sweetish, horrid drink. For wine aficionados, German wines may be a revelation in taste and technique, but for plain quaffers I recommend California jugs every time. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE LAST TIME I'LL SEE PARIS

D. Keith Mano

"AGH! AU SECOURS! *Cette argent me frappe encore!*" I stare out my hotel-room window down onto the rue de l'Université. Sure enough, the U.S. dollar is trashing another Frenchman. Thocko: hard cash. On my bed table the stack of travelers' checks has fattened itself overnight again. Up from 8.25 francs per buck to 8.5. Tipped the maid yesterday and found out I'd bought her by mistake. Well, who can believe in this Frog crepe paper anyhow? Reminds me of the stuff you'd roll a nickel bag reefer in. And what ridiculous size: it'd stick out of my wallet like some fat man's shirt-tail. If there were a thousand-franc note, you could bury your cat in it. Also never trust any nation that'll put dead artists on money—Baudelaire, Hugo, de la Tour, Debussy—sure sign the live artist can't afford a tassel for his bookmark.

So why've I jumped the big divider? you ask. Hey, it isn't my idea—if Notre Dame or the Sainte-Chapelle were worth seeing, E. H. Harriman would've FOBed them gargoyle by gargoyle to Central Park long ago. No, I'm interviewing this famous film director here. He couldn't come to New York. Something about imprisonment for unlawful sexual intercourse. And, groan, I've got to take a bath again. How come France hasn't figured out the principle of falling water yet? First time I've been in a tub since Russia 1975. How clever of *les Français* to dispense their toilet paper by little Sight-Saver-sized squares. All I need is some Scotch tape so I can stick them together. And do I dare drink the water?—certainly French people don't, otherwise why order Evian and Perrier at each meal. One damp toothbrush and say *bonjour* to the galloping touristers. Must admit, I like that big ashtray in my bathroom. Faucets on it so you can wash ash away. Damn cigar butt didn't go down last night, though.

Paris streets are paved with dog fudge. I mean, these people will lug Fido into Brasserie Lippe: you eat *coq au vin* while a neighbor's *chien* sheds all over your feet. Try to avoid that pile of redone Purina and, *za-oui*, some curb-humping Citroën will put you in Père Lachaise, the Unknown Pedestrian. Frenchmen drive like maybe Germany had invaded again. Le Métro, of course, is super-unctuous—it'll come and go the way discreet waiters should—kept up, I'm sure, at enormous public subsidy to impress your tourist trade. Les Halles has been leveled and, *voilà*, they've set up Paramus Shopping Mall instead. With Pac-Man and Berserk and Michael Jackson over the PA system. (Did you ever hear of French rock 'n' roll?) Best yet is the duty-free shop, where things cost *more*, not less. (No duty, just *insupportable* mark-up.) I feel like slapping someone with a dollar bill.

2 A.M. My wife and I would like one more for the *chemin*. M. le Cab Driver (no doubt he'll collect his rake-off from management) has deposited

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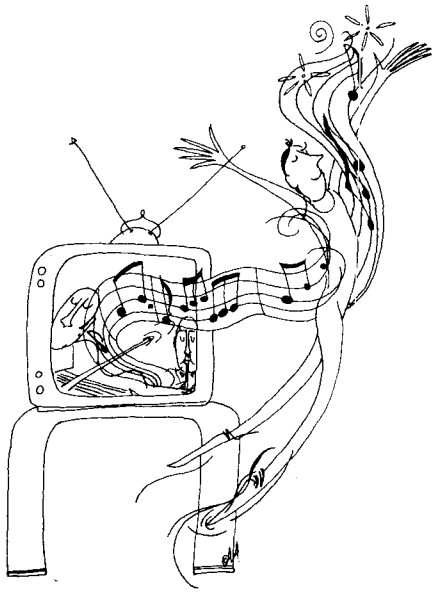
us at a gamy disco joint darker than Baudelaire's brain. Before I can say *arrêtez*, this gigolo out front is pulling my wife inside by her forefingernail. They pirouette together down a spiral staircase. Below, in the uterine darkness, several women are wearing white: not for virginity, for visibility. People and nights get sold off around us. "Ah," the gig will whisper, "you realize it is possible for a third party to spend tonight with you?" Ah: no, I can *ménage à deux, merci.* My wife thinks he meant another woman and is insulted. I think he meant another man and am insulted. Never will know now. Five hundred francs for a bourbon. Well, she *likes* to travel.

The restaurant bill is *service compris*: that means a tip has already been tacked on. Fifteen per cent even if a busboy blew his nose in your lettuce. Unlike capitalist America, the poor waiter can't conceal income: this, naturally, makes him inattentive, disrespectful, and bad-breathed. Down south 53 have been wounded at a Talbot auto plant. Violent laid-off workers (mostly immigrant) have taken over the building. A gypsy station-wagon driver took us from Charles de Gaulle Airport. He was unemployed owing to union rules. And this morning *Le Monde* is jealous of America: LA REPRISE [the recovery] AUX ETATS-UNIS. Our unemployment is down, production up. How did it happen? *Alors* (trust my inelegant translation here): "In a country which bothers itself less than others with caring for people (one is winner or loser, that's all), it is shown that improvement in unemployment is linked essentially to economic activity." Tough croutons, Pierre. "On the Old Continent . . . the social cost forbids a recourse to this '*dynamisme sauvage.*' " That social cost can really jack up your overhead. Besides, what is the opposite of savage dynamism? Limp dynamism?

I thought *Minute* was a *National Enquirer*: it has that check-out counter tabloid look. But *Minute* is the self-announced opposition weekly. An article applauding U.S. withdrawal from UNESCO. Another that warns about the socialist threat to private education. One cartoon has a Talbot car with optional bandage. *Minute* is shrillish in tone (if I understood most of the French it can't be too subtle) and somewhat disturbing. A front-page headline yells LA GUERRE CIVILE? Some advertising copy is aimed (literally) at little old *grand-mères* in tennis footwear. Guns, debugging devices. HALTE AUX AGRESSIONS? ORGANISER VOTRE DEFENSE! *Minute* was set up in 1962, but, I suspect, it has been scaring itself to death since Mitterrand. Maybe with good reason. How do you say kneecap in French?



The famous film director has made eyes again at my American Express Gold Card. He is of Polish extraction and tough-minded about Communism. "They no longer permit us to have a card like that. Because it is underwritten by a foreign bank. For more than a year the French are allowed only two thousand francs per head in foreign currencies. Ah, well, we haven't got AIDS or herpes here yet either. We're always behind America in something." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Siegfried Sassoon's Long Journey: Selections from the Sherston Memoirs, edited by Paul Fussell (Giniger/Oxford, 180 pp., $19.95)

SIEGFRIED SASSOON remains no more than a quick line-item on the syndicated college syllabus that calls itself English literature—the man whose fierce poems about the First World War did away with the rosy glories of Rupert Brooke. His prose has been largely unread in this country for a long time. This abbreviated edition of his three volumes of fictionalized memoirs (with "George Sherston" as his stand-in) may serve as the beginning of a corrective. New readers will see the attractively befuddled Sherston exchange his ceremonious fox-hunting world for the unholy one of the Western Front, and follow his confused odyssey of heroics, protest, wounding, and convalescence. The front, he says, "was a place where a man of strong spirit might know himself utterly powerless against death and destruction, and yet stand up and defy gross darkness and stupefying shell-fire, discovering in himself the invincible resistance of an animal or an insect, and an endurance which he might, in after days, forget or disbelieve." Paul Fussell (*The Great War and Modern Memory*) has supplied the pared-down text with 171 illustrations that harrow the eyes with dying horses, battered crucifixes, bloating corpses, and blasted trees. It is a careful and astonishing assemblage. But the value of reducing Sassoon's text escapes me. Without all its leisured repetitions, the odd indefiniteness of Sherston, as well as the beautiful accumulations of Sassoon's own style, cannot really come across. Still, this edition will take some for the first time into places like Mametz Wood, and toward a view of the war that, in one ghastly way or another, sent 17 million souls "west."

THOMAS MALLON

Harley Earl and the Dream Machine, by Stephen Bayley (Knopf, 128 pp., $20)

HARLEY EARL (1893-1969) was the father of the tailfin. General Motors lured him to Detroit from California, where he had been customizing cars for the stars, and made him head of its Art and Color Section. Between 1937, when he created the Buick Y-Job—a prototype similar to the Cord of a few years before, with concealed headlights, a power convertible top, wraparound bumpers, and flush door handles—and 1959, when he retired, Earl turned out dozens of designs for the massive, chromed cruisers remembered today chiefly for the way in which they went beyond the bounds of good taste. He created whitewalled behemoths with names like Roadmaster, Torpedo, Strato Streak, and Eldorado Seville Brougham. He was the first mass designer to create excitement for next year's model. He lowered and lengthened cars, and stuck on tailfins

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as a kind of tribute to Lockheed's P-38 fighter plane. Such autos were not styled for the fainthearted; Earl designed powerful machines for lords of the earth. Yet he also believed, "You can design a car so that every time you get in it, it's a relief—you have a little vacation for a while." Mr. Bayley, an English journalist, has a real understanding and appreciation for all this, although he sometimes gets carried away: "The first significant dream car of the postwar years was the astonishing LeSabre XP-8, a phallic jelly-mold of a car with aeroplane nozzles and details, which Earl named after the F-86 Sabre jet serving the U.S. forces. Earl, regardless of what the sociologists said about cars displaying your sexual fears, steered this awful tool around Grosse Pointe as his personal transport, leaving friends and colleagues at country clubs throughout Michigan astonished at his style." Like a king of old, Earl could advise spectators to look on his works and tremble. His life work needs no apology. It may be difficult to realize in the age of the Toyota, but giants roamed the earth in those days. JOE MYSAK

The Shrinking of America: Myths of Psychological Change, by Bernie Zilbergeld (Little, Brown, 307 pp., $17)

BERNIE ZILBERGELD has a message: "What psychotherapy at its best can do is well captured by an old French maxim: 'To cure sometimes, to help often, to comfort and console always.' Therapy in our time can do no more —we will be lucky if it can do this much—and in the long run neither clients nor therapists benefit by pretending otherwise." In the course of proving his point, Zilbergeld steps on a lot of toes and shatters a lot of cherished illusions; he's up on all the latest therapeutic outcome studies, and he isn't afraid to lay his conclusions on the line. And there's a twist: Zilbergeld is a practicing psychotherapist. One doubts that his colleagues will be too happy with this unusually hardheaded book; but anyone else interested in psychotherapy, for whatever reason, would do well to read *The Shrinking of America* closely and thoughtfully. It's not really an exposé—just an honest presentation of the facts about a very expensive procedure that isn't always what it's cracked up to be.

TERRY TEACHOUT

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 45)

and worked as a seamstress. Reubin was responsible for paying the water bill.

Askew spent a year in the Army, two in the Air Force during Korea. He graduated from Florida State University and the University of Florida Law School, and proposed to Donna Lou Harper, a fellow student, when they met at a dance. They married in 1956.

Askew went to the Florida House in 1958 and the Senate in 1962. He was for integration and clean government, neither of which had ever been in heavy demand in the Sunshine State. In 1970, he beat incumbent Claude Kirk for governor. He defended busing, and amended the constitution to permit corporate taxes. He keynoted the 1972 Democratic convention, and was approached three years later by Patrick Caddell with a memo on how a Southerner could win the Presidency.

One of Askew's main planks in his effort to repeat Caddell's trick is free trade (he served as the other Southerner's special trade representative after leaving the State House). He attacks Mondale's support of domestic-content legislation every time the two appear together. He would repeal the third year of Reagan's tax cut, and raise corporate taxes. He would stop the MX and the B-1, and he backs the ERA and gun control.

But he also opposes the nuclear freeze, on the grounds that it blocks modernization, and supported the invasion of Grenada. He backs right-to-work laws and the death penalty, and endorsed Anita Bryant's campaign in Dade County against homosexual teachers. He wants Congress to set a national standard on abortion. The standard he favors would allow it only in cases of rape, incest, and abnormal fetuses (he would support federal funding of such abortions). Askew, be it further noted, is a born-again Presbyterian elder who does not smoke or drink.

The question is, what is such a genuinely heterogeneous man doing running for the Democratic nomination? Or didn't he look around when he was giving that keynote address? The voters of New Hampshire are notoriously perverse. That would seem to be Askew's main hope. □

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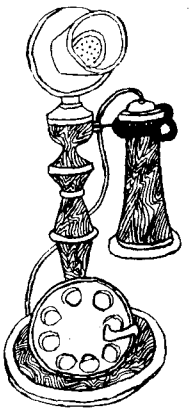

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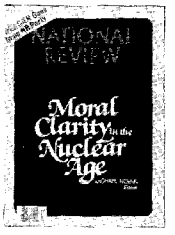

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L'AFFAIRE GALBRAITH

NEW YORK, FEB. 13

MALCOLM TOON is a professional diplomat, formerly the ambassador to the Soviet Union, a very able man who however rides a hobbyhorse or two, least surprising of which is that nonprofessional diplomats aren't very useful. Last week someone in the State Department quoted Mr. Toon in connection with the affair in Paris involving Ambassador Evan Galbraith, indisputably a nonprofessional. What happened?

On a radio program in Paris, conducted in French, five journalists were having at Mr. Galbraith, who has made himself enormously accessible in Paris during his two years there. He has been the source of some commotion because when he arrived in France, where he had lived for many years as a young banker-lawyer, he made it plain that he was unapologetically enthusiastic about the political philosophy of Ronald Reagan. The notion that Ronald Reagan should send a Reaganite to Paris shook the establishment in France, which, for a while at least, nursed the consoling illusion that America had sleepily elected a simpleton to the White House who, nonetheless, would never be so simple as to send to Paree someone who shared his antediluvian views. However, Galbraith having arrived, it proved difficult to cope with him, in part because he was resolute in expressing his own and the President's opinions, in part because his wit, charm, and intelligence tend to disarm.

And so, on this interview program, they got on to the French Communist Party. And Ambassador Galbraith said of it: "One knows very well that the French Communist Party has a special relation with the Soviet world. Everybody knows very well that the Soviet foreign policy is followed by the French Communist Party. Thus, one mistrusts people who are linked with the Communist Party."

There followed in rapid sequence two questions. The first was: Did Ambassador Galbraith imply that a French Communist was less than 100 per cent a Frenchman? Before Galbraith could answer, the second question rang out: Did that mean that Ambassador Galbraith thought that President Mitterrand's transport minister, Charles Fiterman, was less than 100 per cent a Frenchman?

Mr. Galbraith, replying to the first question, said that French Communists were "poor Frenchmen gone awry." Well, the press relayed this as Galbraith having said that Mr. Fiterman was a poor Frenchman gone awry. Now although the rules of logic are pretty unyielding on the ruthless application of the syllogism (All Athenians are sophists. Pythagoras is an Athenian. Therefore, Pythagoras is a sophist.), in fact, Mr. Galbraith didn't by name depreciate the Frenchhood of Mr. Fiterman.

And this was a technically important point. Because after the newspapers had misreported the exchange, Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy called in our ambassador to reproach him for violating a protocol. That protocol is to the effect that no foreign ambassador can criticize personal appointments of the president of the host country. Mr. Galbraith trotted out the transcript and Mr. Mauroy was instantly appeased, and Galbraith exited on splendid terms with him.

But a great furor has arisen. Because now all of France is revisiting the touchy subject of what on earth are four Communists doing in Mitterrand's government, given that their loyalty is so plainly to Moscow, as has been the case since the Party's founding. Poor Mr. Fiterman put his foot in it by calling Galbraith "a crude and stupid personality," and Georges Marchais, the chief French comrade, exclaimed, "Where does he think he is, this American ambassador? In Grenada?" One assumes that the transport minister laments the interruption of the building of the Soviet airfield on Grenada.

But soon these gentlemen came to regret that they had publicized Mr. Galbraith's statement about the loyalty of French Communists, even as Oscar Wilde came to regret that he had publicized the accusations against his manhood. Mr. Fiterman has now addressed an urbane open letter to Galbraith, widely viewed as conciliatory, the purport of which is, Can't we just forget the whole thing?

Back to Mr. Toon. What Mr. Galbraith did is precisely what a professional diplomat would tend not to do, because professional diplomats, usually for good reason, simply do not like to stir things up. But to stir things up when there is virtue in stirring things up is the job of all good men bent on aiding their country, as the *Wall Street Journal* correctly observes. Evan Galbraith has reminded the French people that there is an aberrant minority in France that year after year, generation after generation, defends Stalin, Gulag, Budapest, Prague, Afghanistan. Okay, it's a free country. But Communists should occasionally be reminded that in fact they behave like cretins, and it is usually amateurs who get around to doing this. □

A BUDGET PRIMER

NEW YORK, FEB. 10

LET US attempt to focus conceptually on the whole business of the budget deficit without using any numbers. Ready?

The welfare business in America is engaged in two enterprises. The first is insurance. The second, redistribution.

The voters have said, over the years, that they desire more and more things without a price tag. The principal form of welfare is also the earliest. It is, of course, education. Everyone in the United States can receive at least 12 years of free education. More than one hundred years after that form of insurance was given, the American people voted to insure themselves against indigence in old age, whence Social Security. In due course farmers voted to insure themselves against low prices, and therefore the concept of parity arose. Then the people asked to be protected against unemployment, at least for a few months, so unemployment insurance was born. They then asked to insure themselves against medical expenses of various kinds, which gave rise to Medicare and Medicaid.

But of course, someone has to pay the schoolteacher, and the farmer, and the doctors and nurses, and the administrators of these programs, so that taxes of various kinds were levied. In due course

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the people found themselves paying income taxes, inheritance taxes, and excise taxes in return for all those services. But there arose a greater and greater disparity between the cost of insurance and the taxes paid to provide that insurance. Something called a deficit was born. This deficit business could not have happened if the cost of the insurance had been directly related to the cost of the benefits. That is the way private insurance companies work, not governments. The difference here between the two is that insurance companies are engaged exclusively in insurance, with every client paying his own way. Whereas government, as noted, is engaged simultaneously in insurance and in redistribution. Those who cannot pay premiums don't have to. They simply add the cost of their benefits to the cost of others'.

Anyway, the deficit grew and grew and grew, so much so that the people were told that it threatened the stability of the price system.

Along came a Republican President who said the tax structure was causing positive damage. That the people who were taking out all that social insurance were on the one hand not paying the cost of the insurance; and, on the other hand, were being taxed so heavily as to jeopardize their productivity. So he proposed to cut down taxes, and to cut down insurance. Congress agreed to cut down taxes, but not to cut down insurance, so that the deficit deepened.

Meanwhile, the Republican President said that we had neglected the first responsibility of government, namely defense. He said, in effect, that that too was a form of insurance: because just as we want to insure against indigent old age, so we want to insure against the loss of our liberties. The Democratic opposition went along, but rather sulkily, and it proposed higher taxation to pay for our defense insurance.

In proposing higher taxation, the Democrats kept talking about taxing the rich. But they were quite vague about it, because it's one thing to talk about taxing the rich, another thing entirely to tax them sufficiently to make up the deficit. The money simply isn't there. If you increased the tax of those already paying half of their incremental dollar to the government by 50 per cent, you would not make a serious dent in the deficit.

Meaning what, in the long run? That the people are going to have to decide to tax themselves more, or else to do with less insurance. The trouble with increased taxation is that it hardens the productive arteries, and you find a whole class of people designing their economic lives not around the production of goods and services but around the reduction of tax exposure.

And there has to come that finite point when there isn't any surplus there to take care of the insurance. If there were, then India and Africa and Latin America could have, for instance, high social security retirement benefits. So that plotting the economic future requires that you do not do permanent damage to the capital machine. □

MEANWHILE IN GREAT BRITAIN

NEW YORK, FEB. 6

HAVE AN EAR, for a relaxing moment, for what our British cousins are talking about. For instance, the decision of Mr. Reagan to seek another term. "This might be the appropriate moment," comments the *Daily Telegraph*, "for people on this side of the Atlantic to stop thinking of the man as a temporary aberration who will disappear from view as soon as the American people get tired of the bad joke they perpetrated four years ago. Whereas many commentators lean over backwards, or at any rate leftwards, to put the best gloss on Mr. Andropov, they habitually portray the American leader in the worst light possible. It is time to start trying to make the best, rather than the worst, of Ronald Reagan." Can anyone be pleasanter than an Englishman at peace with himself?

Which does not describe the inimitable Auberon Waugh, whose irascibility is a great national resource of Great Britain. This morning he is mad at the people who are mad that round-the-world luxury suites on the Royal Viking Line, going for $150,000 each, were snapped up in a matter of hours by British customers, thus energizing the British Left, who came up with yet another stanza in their endless dirge about equality. What else should you expect, writes Mr. Waugh, in a society that has made the accumulation of capital a dumb thing? The capital-transfer tax levied on Englishmen who die with their pennies salted away, rather than dissipated on round-the-world cruises, results in less than $750 million in annual revenues, a mere 1 per cent of total revenue. "If [the Thatcher government] wants a socially beneficial tax to replace this piffling sum, I would suggest a special tax on Sony Walkmen. From the noises I hear whenever I travel by train, I am forced to conclude that the unhappy generation of [British young people] is being driven not only deaf, but also mad, by these machines."

Neil Kinnock, the feisty young leader of the socialist opposition, has been retailing an endless series on "Why I Am Angry." "The odd thing," Mr. Waugh comments, "is that when I saw him in the Savoy last week, he did not seem angry in the least. His face was wreathed in smiles, and quips were falling out of him like fleas from a Welsh sheepdog. 'Nothing is too good for the working class,' he explained merrily as he tucked into smoked salmon and fine white Burgundy."

And speaking of colorful irascibles, Enoch Powell has ruffled British social feathers by coming out and saying that the Queen's annual Christmas message was hideously unrelated to Christmastime, was made up of awful Third World demagogic pap, and couldn't the minister who wrote speeches for the esteemed lady every now and then let her act like the Queen of the United Kingdom and head of the Anglican Church, instead of like the head of the Commonwealth? There followed a certain confusion when a spokesman for the government revealed that Mrs. Thatcher had not in fact written the Queen's message, that the responsibility for it lay with the Palace—which gentle evasion proved not entirely accurate since the Queen's Christmas message, though not composed by her ministers, was in fact reviewed by Mrs. Thatcher, who let it go, thus maintaining the constitutional monarch's tradition that all speeches from the Throne continue to be, in the words of Lady Longford, "an exercise in ministerial ventriloquism."

How do you avoid sounding like the secretary general of the UN, if you are Queen of the Commonwealth? world defenders have asked—for instance, Mr. Kenneth Ross. "Imagine a committee [for the purpose of drafting a speech from the Throne] presided over by the secretary general of the Commonwealth, Sir Shridath Ramphal, and including Flight Lieutenant J. J. Rawlings of Ghana, Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, Comrade L. F. S. Burnham of Guyana, and Sir Robert Muldoon of New Zealand? I should as soon entrust the task to the Marx Brothers."

But then, wistfully, Mr. Ross reminisced that in the past, constitutional monarchs have availed themselves of ghostwriters fit for a king, for instance Rudyard Kipling, who on behalf of King George V in 1932 contributed on Christmas the sentence, "I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all; to men and women so cut off by the snows, the desert, or the sea, that only voices out of the air can reach them."

Life goes on in Great Britain, for which we are all glad, even stout Republicans. □

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B. WALTER BROWN:

Belated Apology

I doubt if a columnist's belated apology to Herbert Hoover's memory will reverse an established perception of that maligned Presidency. A few educated people are aware that Hoover was a Latin scholar who translated Agricola's *De Re Metallica* from the original Latin. Considering what the rabble has installed since, that is honor enough.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MALE, 30, possessed of strong ideals, adventurous spirit. Interests: sports, flying, travel, politics. Seeks intelligent, attractive woman. Write NR Box 3843.

MAGNUM! My family loves you and *NR*. Please write to: Williams, 114 4th Street, Radford, Va. 24141.

J. WILLIAM FULLER—I love you, and happy birthday. Your adoring wife, Cheryl.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE MALE, 27, engineer, interested in bicycling, music, cooking, dancing, seeks single woman. Write NR Box 3844.

MATURE MAN, INTELLECTUAL, musical, literary, seeks woman, 45-58, similar tastes. Southern California, Redlands, Inland Empire. Write NR Box 3845.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, middle 50s, has charm, depth, awareness. Enjoys golf, tennis, reading, sharing simple things. Positive outlook on life. Seeking sincere, intelligent man with mutual interests, who enjoys life, good conversation, and has a good sense of humor. Write NR Box 3848.

DEAR PATRICK: Welcome to the fold as an *NR* reader. Faithfully, Joseph.

PITTSBURGH MALE, 27, of practical, sensitive nature, seeks local woman in twenties for lasting relationship. I'm of ordinary means and socially unsophisticated. Among other things, I enjoy reading, walking, tennis, current affairs, good music, conversation, and humor; I value family, friends, independent thought, simple living. If you have respect for values, place substance over style, laugh easily, and keep mind and body reasonably fit, perhaps we should meet. Write to Dave at NR Box 3846.

SINGLE N.Y.C. male, 37, with humor, strength, ideals, looks, great job (M.D.), and strong interests in literature and movies, seeks female counterpart for marriage. Write NR Box 3821.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081. 215-566-2132.

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SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS seek enlightened correspondence and lasting relationships. Details: Scanna-NR, Box 4, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

34, PACIFIC NORTHWEST male, enjoys movies, books, sports, conversation, and friendship, seeks like-minded women, 21-35, for correspondence and sharing. Write NR Box 3834.

SINGLES, MEET SINGLES. Write Nancy, Friend Finder—U.S.A., P.O. Box 32, Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60138.

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND, U.S.A. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

NEW JERSEY MALE, 26, Christian, seeks female who enjoys bicycling, has sense of humor, and wants to have children. Write NR Box 3832.

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN, professional, mid-20s, austere, athletic, possesses graduate degree; enjoys pop rock, dancing, dining, racquet sports; seeks urbane, complacent, Eastern woman, twenties, for challenging relationship. Write NR Box 3824.

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WIDOW OF DENTIST, retired teacher, seeks husband. Interested in community affairs, bridge, opera, and books. Home and car, Midwest background. Write NR Box 3814.

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CANADIAN GENTLEMAN, YOUNG, single, Christian, seeks correspondence, friendship with interested female. Write NR Box 3842.

GENTLEMAN, 45, TRIM, attractive, owns business in major Southern city, wants to meet intelligent, attractive young lady to explore possibilities of marriage. I am principled but tolerant and flexible in practical matters. The lady I seek must be strong and feminine. She must want to put marriage and children first but also must be capable of handling a career. Religion not important. Write NR Box 3850.

Vacation

VIRGINIA BEACH SUMMER RENTALS on Chesapeake Bay. Darling beachfront duplexes, $400 each, weekly. Alvin Whitley, 1045 Patrick Henry Way, Virginia Beach, Va. 23455. 804-460-0352.

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FRIENDLY GHOSTS! Beautiful historic Bucks County stone home on 12-plus acres. Lovely center hall and stairs. Formal dining room, living room, library, 6 bedrooms, 3½ baths. Swimming pool, tennis court, stream, and dell. Very large trees and shrubs. Springhouse and greenhouse need repair. Small barn. Privacy plus convenience. Good public, private, and Catholic schools. Buckingham Township, one mile from Doylestown, Pa. Taxes $1,900s. Pictures and brochure on request. $395,000. Write NR Box 3830.

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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $20 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Roman Catholic television star of the 1950s (title and surname) — 44 19 48 77 184 121 109 111 131 136 / 141

B. Leader of Palestine Liberation Organization (sounds like a drug) — 89 189 10 95 181 71

C. Winner of Nobel Peace Prize, 1906 — 13 94 186 61 138 180 73 160 76

D. Describing pleasure alloyed with pain — 69 21 26 7 56 97 105 72 78 82 / 148

E. German hero, c. 17 B.C.–A.D. 21 — 92 157 11 80 172 113 107 53

F. A military unit — 114 140 93 123 62 12 81 101

G. One of the months — 122 98 173 150 83 142

H. A Chicago meat packer — 151 23 115 90 110

I. To make butter — 15 27 38 88 125

J. Samuel's palindromic mother — 154 16 85 127 33 47

K. One who acts — 163 124 63 17 129

L. Talent — 168 135 153 49 162 143 194 64

M. An object of obsessive devotion — 187 74 65 156 52 130

N. One of the Great Lakes — 55 159 106 133 174 68 144 177

O. Town in Palo Alto County, Iowa — 3 84 96 8 20 28 34

P. Precise — 103 70 36 161 179 188 166 87

Q. The 15th letter of the Greek alphabet — 134 59 104 118 25 37 170

R. Convicts who squealed twice reside here — 149 108 116 169 185 178 193 39

S. To be idle — 191 54 119 29

T. One man's opinion in a newspaper — 51 128 171 41 102 164 183 176 145

U. A country on the Red Sea — 132 60 120 100 31

V. Highly serious — 182 45 146 112 158 175

W. A Chicago meat packer — 18 2 137 126 117 147

X. Detested — 40 192 57 152 1

Y. Part of French Guiana — 66 5 32 75 58

Z. A vegetable that is eaten out loud — 99 155 91 190 167 165

a. A Louisiana town southwest of Baton Rouge — 24 50 86 4 35

b. One of the more famous astronauts — 6 22 30 43 67

c. The mount called ——, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey — 42 79 14 139 9 46

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 X	2 W	3 O	4 a	5 Y	6 b	■	7 D	8 O	9 c	■	10 B	11 E	12 F	13 C	14 c	15 I	16 J
17 K	■	18 W	19 A	20 O	21 D	22 b	■	23 H	24 a	25 Q	■	26 D	27 I	28 O	■	29 S	30 b
31 U	32 Y	33 J	34 O	35 a	■	36 P	37 Q	38 I	39 R	40 X	41 T	■	42 c	43 b	■	44 A	45 V
46 c	47 J	■	48 A	49 L	50 a	51 T	52 M	■	53 E	54 S	55 N	56 D	57 X	58 Y	59 Q	60 U	61 C
■	62 F	63 K	64 L	65 M	66 Y	67 b	68 N	■	69 D	70 P	71 B	72 D	73 C	74 M	75 Y	■	76 C
77 A	78 D	■	79 c	80 E	81 F	82 D	83 G	■	84 O	85 J	86 a	87 P	88 I	■	89 B	■	90 H
91 Z	92 E	93 F	■	94 C	95 B	■	96 O	97 D	98 G	99 Z	100U	■	101F	102T	■	103P	104Q
105D	106N	107E	108R	109A	■	110H	111A	112V	■	113E	114F	115H	116R	117W	■	118Q	119S
120U	121A	122G	123F	124K	125I	■	126W	127J	128T	■	129K	130M	131A	132U	■	133N	134Q
135L	136A	137W	■	138C	139c	140F	141A	142G	143L	144N	145T	146V	147W	■	148D	149R	■
150G	151H	152X	■	153L	154J	155Z	156M	157E	■	158V	159N	160C	161P	162L	163K	164T	165Z
■	166P	167Z	168L	169R	170Q	171T	172E	173G	■	174N	175V	■	176T	177N	■	178R	179P
180C	181B	182V	183T	184A	185R	■	186C	187M	■	188P	189B	190Z	191S	192X	193R	194L	■

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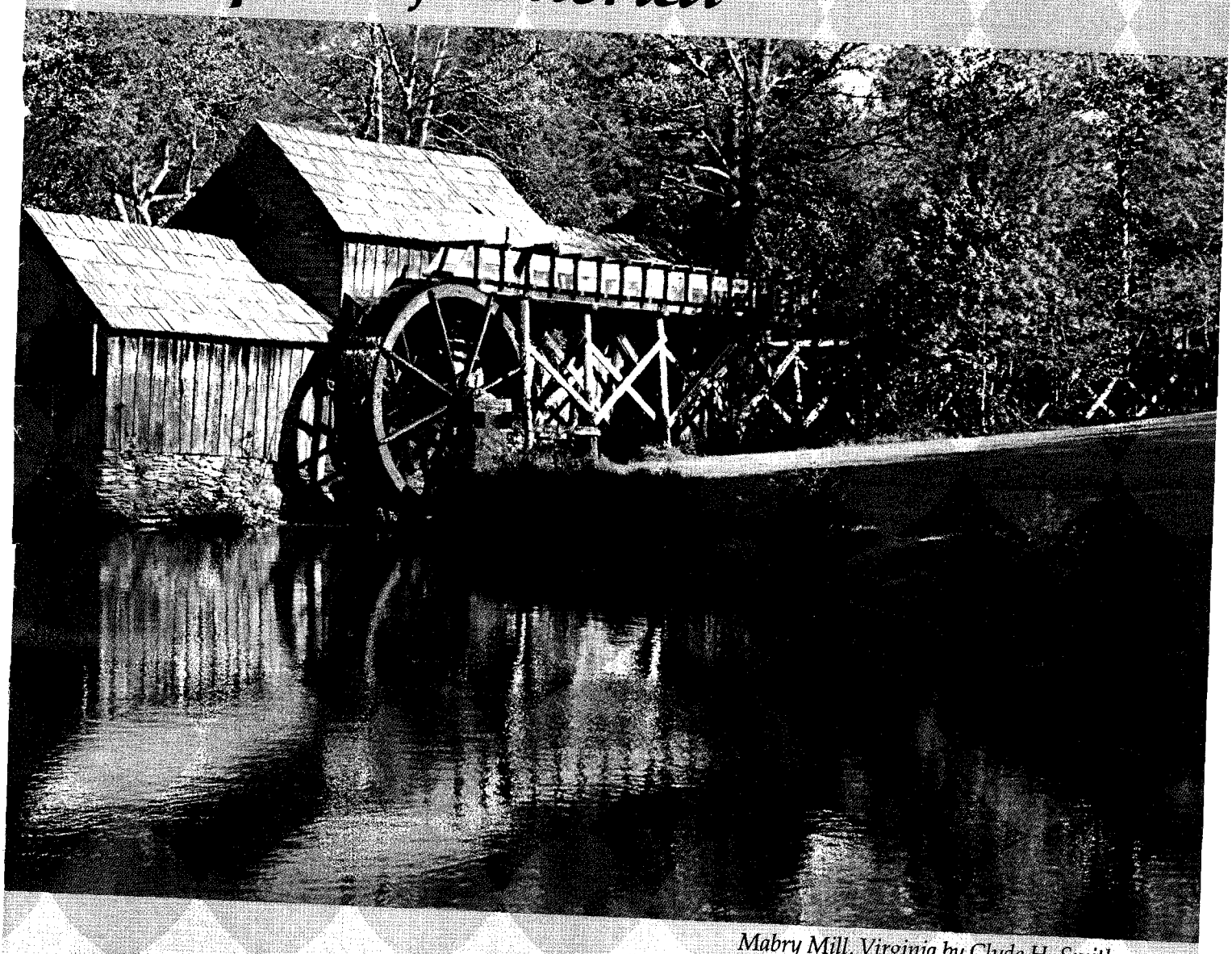
The Spirit of America



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Old Grand-Dad

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11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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